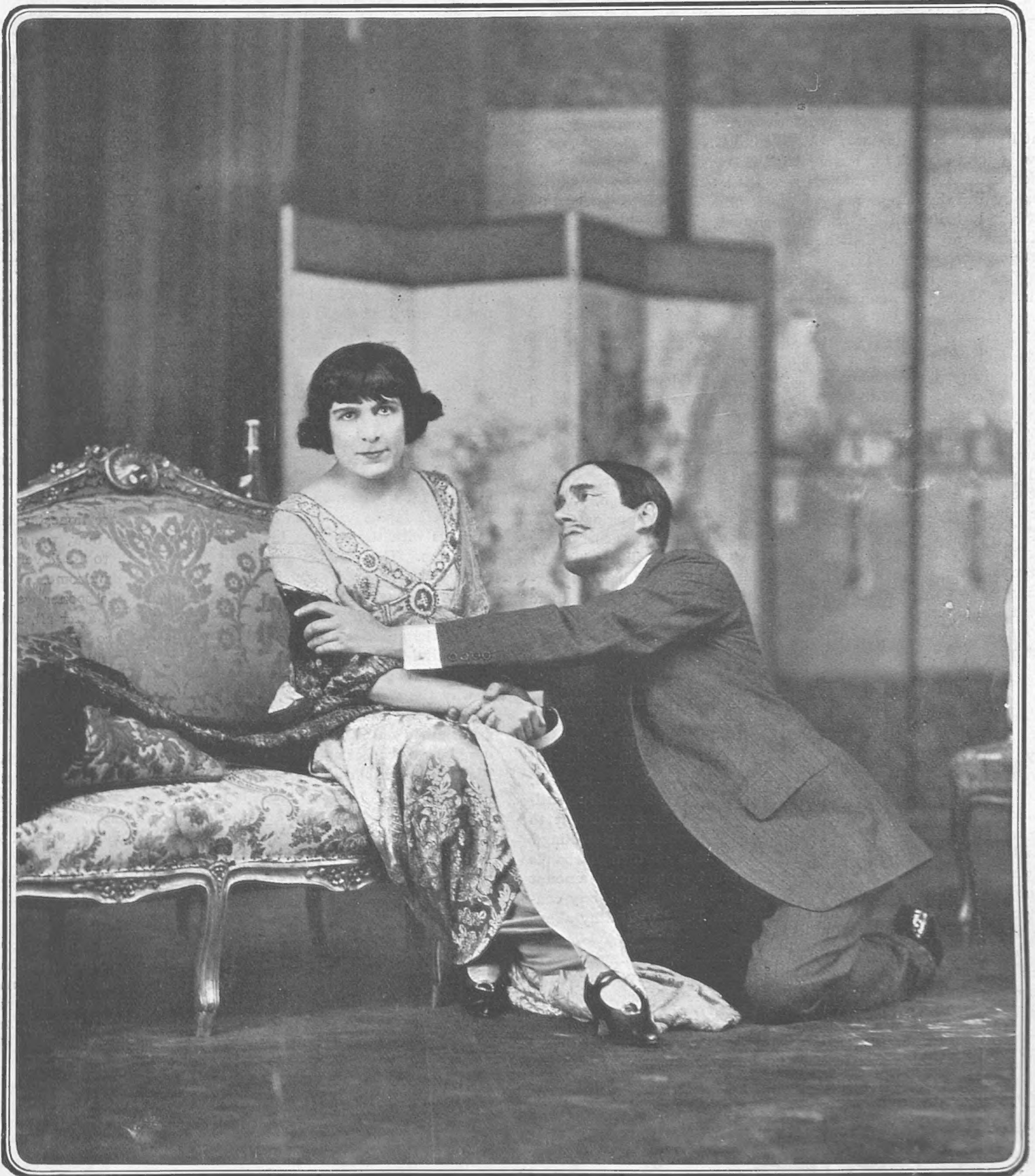


The Sketch

No. 1054.—Vol. LXXXII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE COCOTTE AND THE JAPANESE: MISS MABEL HACKNEY AS HÉLÈNE AND MR. LAURENCE IRVING AS TAKERAMO. WHO STRANGLES HER AND FOR WHOSE CRIME ANOTHER IS PUNISHED—IN "TYPHOON," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Takeramo is in Paris nominally as head of a colony of Japanese students, actually to gain information which shall be of value to his country. Taunted beyond endurance by Hélène, the cocotte with whom he is in love, he strangles her. That his work may go on to its end, it is decided that one of the other Japanese shall confess to the crime—a patriotic duty all are eager to undertake. So it comes about that Hironani is convicted and sentenced to seven years. And so Takeramo completes his investigations; then, to the playing of the pipe, he makes his last sacrifice for his country and commits hara-kiri.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



Mr. Hamilton Replies.

Still on the painfully fascinating subject of divorce, friend the reader. In case you have missed your *Sketch*, through some fantastically ridiculous oversight, for the past two weeks, allow me to explain that I have been tilting at Mr. A. Hamilton, Secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union, for having criticised with extreme severity an unfortunate American Professor who tried to ensure marital happiness by drawing up a fairly harmless list of rules for his wife. Further, I challenged Mr. Hamilton to reply to my criticisms of his criticisms, and promised, if he accepted the challenge, to print his letter on this page.

Well, Mr. Hamilton is evidently a sport. He has replied. Whether his reply is convincing or not we shall presently discover. Let us take him point by point.

"The Divorce Law Reform Union," he begins, after a kindly paragraph which I am foolishly modest enough to omit, "aims at making it possible for those whose marriages have broken down beyond hope of repair to have another chance of living a pure and happy married life."

"You seem to suggest that it is unthinkable that women in the general way should be only too delighted to carry out every whim and wish of their husbands—no matter how peevish, selfish, and ill-considered. To my humble thinking and observation, that is one of the ways by which women show their all-conquering sweetness. But do you, my dear Chicot, suggest that in the general way men's whims and wishes are peevish, selfish, and ill-considered? (I thought you were championing the men!). If that be so, it certainly seems to show that, but for the sweetness of women, there would be a vaster number of matrimonial disagreements maturing into grounds of divorce than the hundreds of thousands already matured."

Oh, Mr. Hamilton! Here, of course, we have a most shameless attempt to twist the meaning of the words of the opposing counsel. I never dreamt of saying that, in the general way, men's whims and wishes are peevish, selfish, and ill-considered. I know my own sex far too well for that. They are, in the main, good fellows, easy to manage, quickly yielding, and frankly sentimental. My only reply to Mr. Hamilton's terrific compliment to the whole female sex was this: "Should the women be so willing? Should they not oppose the whims and wishes of their husbands of which they disapprove? Should there not be a certain amount of opposition in the home, of clashing of wills, even of stormy controversies? Is there not something unnatural and unhealthy about the too-peaceful life?"

I do not pretend to the wisdom of Mr. Hamilton in these matters, but I do know that women are not such idiots as to carry out, blindly, every whim and wish of their husbands. The husbands would be greatly astonished if they did, and, on occasion, more than a trifle disconcerted. Men like to be contradicted—though some of them don't know it.

Wallowing in Praise.

But there is no stopping Mr. Hamilton. He positively wallows in praise of the female sex. Listen to all this—

"Should the women be so willing? you ask. I answer—Yes. Therein lies their pleasure and their power. They win by yielding, and delight their husbands by their cleverness. 'Should they not oppose the whims they disapprove?' Perhaps the word oppose should be defined, but, in the general sense, I think they would be very unwise to oppose; deft coaxing practised occasionally works wonders, but, if that fails, no good will be served by opposing."

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

I am afraid that Mr. Hamilton is dreadfully old-fashioned. In Victorian literature, it is taken for granted that every man is a helpless fool in the fingers of his wife. It is accepted as an axiom that all wives managed their husbands, and that all husbands thought they managed their wives. This superstition, I know, still survives. Mr. Hamilton, for one, has an implicit belief in it. The plain truth is, of course, that the modern husband knows at once when he is being "managed." He does not mind being "managed"; in fact, he rather likes it, especially if it makes his wife happy to believe and think that she is getting her own way whilst pretending to yield. How often one hears the remark, "She's a very clever woman! She manages her husband beautifully—without letting him know it!" But nobody is ever bold enough to say, "He's a very clever man! He lets his wife 'manage' him and pretends not to know that she is doing it!"

Out with the Truth!

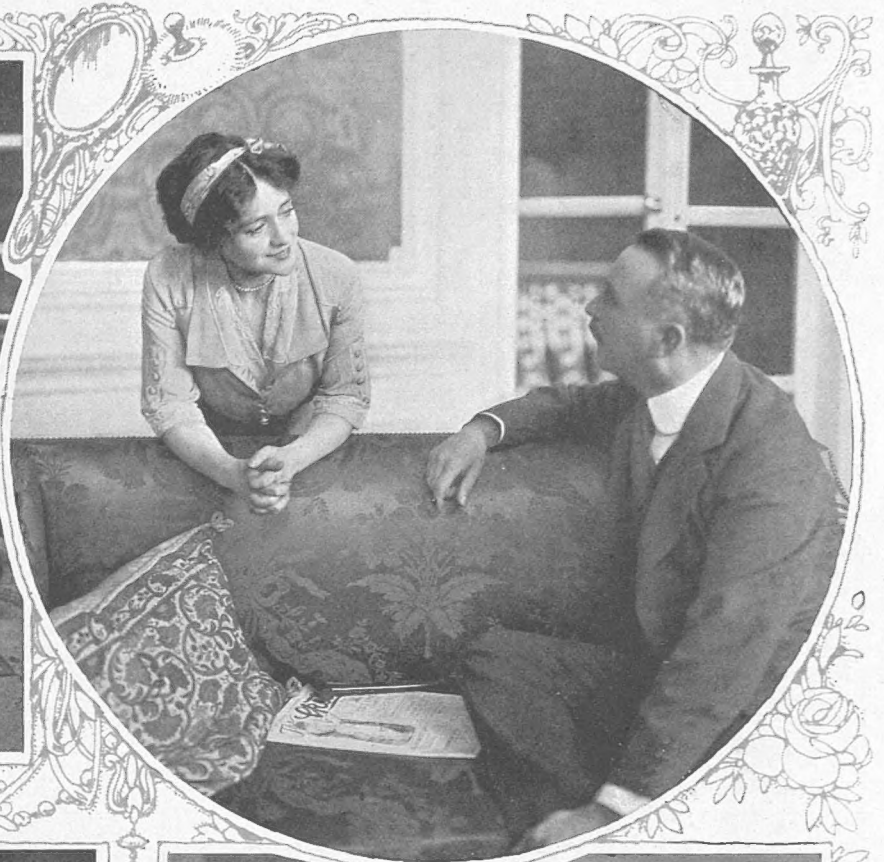
The plain fact is that the Victorian men entered into a vast conspiracy to humbug their women. You can find evidences of this conspiracy in their novels, and their plays, and their speeches, and their paintings. Woman, in the abstract, was never mentioned without the prefix "Lovely." We have, at least, dropped talking about "Lovely Woman!"—not because women are less lovely than they were in the Victorian era, but because we are honest in our dealings with the sex. A lovely woman, then as now, was a great exception. The average woman cannot expect to be lovely, any more than the average man can expect to be handsome. We are homely-looking people, for the most part, and the sooner we make up our minds to it the better. Physical beauty is, after all, a lesser gift of the gods. The only attribute we possess to which the word "beautiful" may be rightly applied is the soul, and the soul rarely becomes beautiful until it is separating itself from the body. That is why the good die young, as we say, and that is why old people are generally so lovable. The rest of us, the workaday crowd of us, are a fairly un-beautiful lot, both in body and soul. It rests with ourselves to collect such beauty as we can on the way through life. There is not much to choose between men and women. Spiritually, the division between the sexes is non-existent. If you made a list to-day, friend the reader, of all the people you know, and used your judgment as to whether they were good or bad, you would find them pretty equally divided. If you are a woman, you would know more bad women, and, if you are a man, more bad men. That would be the only difference.

Are We Really Bad?

When I say "bad," I use the word, of course, relatively. It is my own opinion that, on the whole, we are a pretty good lot of humans. We have a good deal to put up with, partly of our own making, partly of our neighbour's making, and partly of Nature's making, and I really do think, on the whole, that we get our heads down and shove through it fairly creditably. In my early church-going days, I often used to wonder why the people around me lifted up their voices and, with one accord, called themselves miserable sinners. I knew them all pretty well, and I had never found them such miserable sinners. They did their work, and paid their rent, and paid their bills, and gave to charities, and educated their children, and smiled at one in the street, and praised God, and honoured the King, and voted according to their convictions, and died, and were buried. For the life of me, I could not see why they were so downhearted about themselves . . . unless they were playing at the nonsensical old game of trying to humbug God. . . .

I wonder!

VANITY "DIES" AND IS CURED OF VANITY—AT THE GLOBE.



1. VANITY (MISS ETHEL IRVING), WHO DIES TO SHOW PEOPLE HOW INDISPENSABLE SHE IS.
3. JEFFERSON BROWN ASKS VANITY HOW IT IS THAT HER ENGAGEMENT TO ANOTHER MAN IS ANNOUNCED.

2. VANITY AND THE MAN WHO LOVES HER, MISS ETHEL IRVING AS VANITY FRY AND MR. GUY STANDING AS JEFFERSON BROWN.
4. VANITY "DEAD," AND DISGUISED AS HER QUAKER AUNT, LISTENS TO SOME HOME TRUTHS ABOUT HERSELF FROM JEFFERSON BROWN.

Vanity Fry, known on the stage as Vanity Fayre, "dies," in order that she may hear the agreeable things people are going to say about her when she is dead; also she wants to show how indispensable she is, not only to the man who would marry her, but to the manager who will not give her the salary she asks. She comes back to life, disguised as a Quaker aunt, only to find that the newspapers have practically neglected her and that her relations are by no means tearful. The man who would marry her is not deceived, and, treating her as her aunt, tells her some home truths. Then Vanity comes back to life, in her own person, but chastened, and marries the man who loves her.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE HON. W. G. A. ORMSBY-GORE—FOR BEING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE HOUSE OF LAYMEN, AND SETTING UP HOUSE HIMSELF.



LADY BEATRICE CECIL—FOR POSSESSING THE CECIL BRAIN AND HELPING MR. ORMSBY-GORE TO SET UP HOUSE.



MISS LIND-af-HAGEBY—FOR SHOWING WOMAN'S POWER OF SUSTAINED ELOQUENCE BY SPEAKING IN COURT FOR NEARLY 13 HOURS.



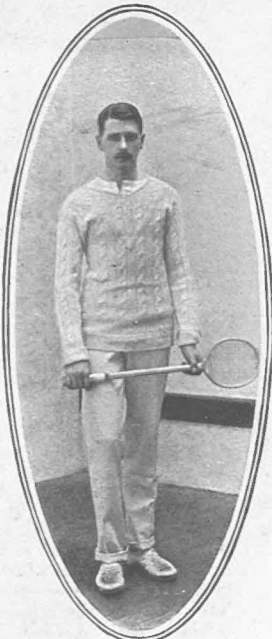
MISS WINIFRED BIRKIN—FOR CONSENTING TO BECOME TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE EX-TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



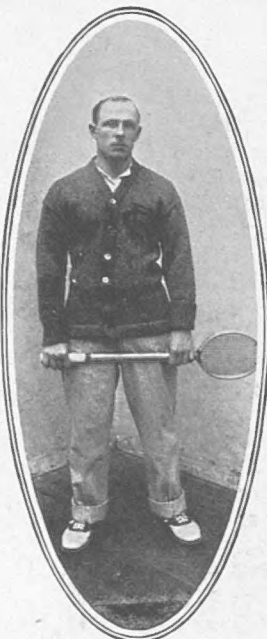
MR. W. DUDLEY WARD, M.P.—FOR DECIDING TO ESTABLISH A NEW HOUSEHOLD OF HIS OWN, AND SELECTING A TREASURER THEREOF.



MR. ROBERT GORE—FOR NOT LOOKING SORRY TO LEAD IN COVERTCOAT (PERCY WOODLAND UP) AFTER THE GRAND NATIONAL.



MR. H. W. LEATHAM—FOR BEING THE FIRST "UNDERGRAD" RUNNER-UP IN THE AMATEUR RACQUETS.



J. SOUTAR—FOR CROSSING THE ATLANTIC TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION RACQUET-PLAYER.



LADY ALEXANDER AND MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH—FOR ROLLER-SKATING IN THE CHINESE MANNER AND WINNING THE FIRST PRIZE FOR COSTUME.



SIR CHARLES ASSHETON-SMITH—FOR MAKING A HABIT OF WINNING THE GRAND NATIONAL.



MR. A. E. BARTON—FOR LIVING UP TO HIS NICK-NAME BY WINNING THE LINCOLNSHIRE.



MRS. F. W. BROWN—FOR ATTAINING THE DIGNITY OF ENGLISH LADY OPEN CHAMPION GOLFER.



M. LÉON BAKST—FOR BEING THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FASHIONS OF 1925 WILL BE LIKE.



CAPTAIN GLUND—FOR GIVING THE PEOPLE OF LUNÉVILLE A CHANCE TO CARVE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE Z IV.

The wedding of the Hon. W. G. A. Ormsby-Gore, only son and heir of Baron Harlech, and Lady Beatrice Cecil, elder daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury, is fixed for the 12th. The bridegroom is M.P. (Conservative) for Denbigh, and a member of the Canterbury House of Laymen.—Miss Lind-af-Hageby's opening speech in the vivisection libel case occupied nine hours, and when it was over she immediately proceeded with her evidence, which took nearly four hours more.—Mr. W. Dudley Ward, M.P. (Liberal) for Southampton, is to marry Miss Winifred Birkin, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Birkin, of Lamcote, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham. Mr. Ward was Treasurer of His Majesty's Household from 1910 to 1912.—Sir Charles Assheton-Smith won the Grand National for the third time, and second successive year, with Covertcoat, trained by Robert Gore, ridden by Percy Woodland.—Mr. H. W. Leatham, the runner-up in the Amateur Racquets Championship, would, if he had won, have been the first man to do so while still at the University since Mr. H. K. Foster first won twenty years ago.—The first half of the match for the world's racquet championship was played at Queen's Club on Saturday between the holder, C. Williams, racquet coach at Harrow, and J. Soutar, of Philadelphia. Williams won. The second half will take place at Philadelphia next month.—Lady Alexander and Mr. George Grossmith appeared as Princess Turandot and Prince Caliph respectively at a charity skating carnival at the Holland Park Rink the other day.—Mr. A. E. Barton's Berrilldon, which came in second in the Lincolnshire Handicap, was awarded the race on appeal. Mr. Barton is known in the City as "lucky Barton."—Mrs. F. W. Brown, of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, beat Mrs. McNair, of Mid-Surrey, by one hole, in the final stage of the English Ladies' Open Championship.—M. Léon Bakst, who is making designs for M. Debussy new ballet, "Les Jeux," is anticipating what he thinks will be the fashions in 1925.—Captain Glund, of the Zeppelin Company, was the chief aeronaut of the Z 4, the German airship which landed in France last week.

Photographs by Swanse, Thomson, C.N., Hadley, Elliott and Fry, Illustrations Bureau, Sport and General, Topical, and L.N.A.

GRAND STANDS AND SIMPLE TABLES! RACING MAKESHIFTS.



1. SIR HENRY MILDMAJ'S LUNCHEON PARTY AT THE GARTH HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS—MISS CHARRINGTON ON THE LEFT; SIR HENRY ON THE RIGHT.

3. MR. R. H. GOSLING, MASTER OF THE GARTH, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, AT THE GARTH HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS.

5. CAPTAIN W. S. POWER, D.S.O., AND SIR PETER WALKER, AT THE MEYNELL HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS.

2. THE HON. MRS. JOHN DAWNAY, MAJOR THE HON. JOHN DAWNAY, AND CAPTAIN THE HON. FRANCIS JOHNSTONE IN THE JUDGE'S CART AT THE POINT-TO-POINTS ORGANISED BY THE HON. H. VANK'S AND THE STAINTONDALE HUNTS.

4. MISS CHARRINGTON AND SIR HENRY MILDMAJ (ON THE RIGHT) AT THE GARTH HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS.

6. MAJOR WINTERBOTTOM'S PARTY AT THE MEYNELL HUNT POINT-TO-POINTS.

Sir Henry St. John Mildmay is the sixth Baronet, was born in 1853, and served in the Egyptian War of 1882 and in the Suakin Expedition of 1885. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards.—The Hon. John Dawnay, D.S.O., who was born in 1872, is the elder son of Viscount Downe. He served in South Africa. In 1902, he married Dorothy, only daughter of Sir William Hovell Browne Folkes, third Baronet.—The Hon. Francis Johnstone is the eldest son of Lord Derwent, and was born in 1851. He was formerly in the 2nd Life Guards. His younger daughter is Viscountess Ennismore, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Listowel.—Captain William Sayer Power won the D.S.O. in 1900. He was born in 1859.—Sir Peter Walker, Bt., was born in 1854. His father, the first Baronet, made munificent gifts to the City of Liverpool.

Photographs by C.N. and Topical.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH Sir Arthur Pinero began his career as dramatist by writing one-act plays successfully, his last two experiments in the form of short pieces have been curiously unsatisfactory. "Playgoers," which now precedes "Open Windows" at the St. James's, would not be recognised by any critic as the work of a dramatist entitled to serious consideration: it would hardly be regarded as very "promising" if the effort of a beginner. A certain amount of simple fun is the outcome of the attempt of a young couple to please their five maid-servants by sending them as a "treat" to the theatre, and the author throws in a dig at people—perhaps including himself—who write serious dramas. There is, however, a want of real character in the farcically sketched persons of the piece, and the humours are very elementary. One hardly expects to find our leading dramatist seeking laughter by causing a man to bark his shins against a bucket, or by making his creatures keep uttering the word "damn" at interruptions caused by the telephone-bell. It is a penalty of greatness that it may not do very little things, and "Playgoers" is a very little thing.

"Vanity" is almost a self-confessed "star" play, and has the common faults of the class. Up to a point it is clever and amusing with its sharp picture of the fascinating, selfish queen of musical comedy, which is quite well drawn by Mr. Ernest Denny, the author, and has its subtleties. Unfortunately, among the subtleties one does not find the indication of the qualities which are supposed to be exhibited by "Vanity Fayre" after her humiliating discovery that, like the rest of us, she is not indispensable. Not even the talent of Miss Ethel Irving, finely employed, could make us believe in the self-sacrificing Vanity who could give points in altruism to the average saint. It is a pity, because the author is an able man, and we should all like to see Miss Irving begin with a big success. Perhaps the point I mention will not prevent the success—but I have my fears. However, the house enjoyed most of the play, and was delighted by the first act, and much amused by the process of Vanity's disillusionment—though I fear it got rather tired of the disguise by means of the big hat and veil of the inconceivable Quaker aunt, and, indeed, wondered from the beginning what the aunt was doing in that galley. Miss Irving was quite brilliant in some scenes, and she carried off the sentimental and saintly passages very ably. Miss Caroline Bayley acted with a real sense of character as one of Vanity's sisters; Miss Ruth Bidwell played cleverly as the other. Mr. James Lyndsay was amusing as a quaint, middle-aged lord—I think he ought to be younger to attract Prue. Mr. Paul Arthur had a rather heavy, thankless part as an amiable family solicitor—with, apparently, no practice; he accomplished it very well.

Mr. Forbes Robertson is saying farewell at Drury Lane in a blaze of glory. Houses are as crowded and enthusiasm is as unrestrained as if each production were attended by those determined first-nighters with whom enthusiasm is a part of existence. It was good indeed to hear the reception that was given to "The Light that Failed"—a play of no great quality in itself, but glorified by Mr. Forbes Robertson's beautiful conception of Dick Heldar, the war-correspondent and artist who lost his sight, and in losing it found the love denied to him before. It is a marvellous exercise in the art of building up a living character out of unpromising material, a triumph of personality over the bathos of its surroundings, and it is no wonder that those who see it are transported with delight. But Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, that most quiet and dignified of English gentlemen, must have his share of the praise; and Miss Gertrude Elliott makes a good deal of the rather foolish Maisie.

"Typhoon" apparently will have a boom, not because it is in any respect a great play, but for the reason that the public loves a clever melodrama nicely disguised so as to seem a work of importance. Perhaps the original is something more admirable—passages here and there suggest this—but from the point of view of popularity the point does not matter. All London will want to see the grim, picturesque drama concerning the little Japanese colony in Paris, and will be well rewarded. "Typhoon" is quite a thriller, and, like the new Chinese play, shows great tact in not overdoing the local colour—though perhaps there is rather too much talk about Japanese patriotism. The hand of the clever playwright is visible in the fact that after the tense moments of the piece—the murder of the heroine, and the self-devotion of the young man willing to be arrested and condemned, though innocent, for the crime committed by the hero—he has introduced an unnecessary humorous act with certain thrills in it which entertained the audience greatly, even if that examination of witnesses by a fatuous French *juge d'instruction* is a very old friend. It is to be observed that the last act, which is said to be faithful to the original, is the best, and reaches real dignity, and even a little beauty. The acting is quite remarkably good. Mr. Laurence Irving, as the hero, gave one of the ablest pieces of character-acting that I remember, and had quite a triumph; one cannot imagine any actor being more successful in transforming himself from every point of view into a Japanese. Miss Mabel Hackney may not have been exactly French as the Parisian *cocotte*, but gave a very powerful performance. Mr. Leon Quartermaine played quite finely as a bibulous poet with real ideas. The group of real and imitation Japanese was presented very skilfully.



THE CLUBMAN

WHERE THE BAYONETS COME FROM: ROYAL MEMORIES AT BAYONNE, AND BIARRITZ.

At Biarritz. I am housed in the Hôtel du Palais at Biarritz, a building which has seen stranger fortunes than most hotels have. The "N." and "E." interlaced in the stonework above the windows in the old part of the hotel are a reminder that the house was built as a palace, and was a present from Napoleon III. to his Empress, who liked to be near the country of her birth, and who made Biarritz in the South of France just as fashionable as Trouville in the North was. After the fall of the Empire, the palace was burned down, or left to fall into ruins—I forget which—but in the 'nineties, when Biarritz began another spell of prosperity, it was restored, and the great restaurant with a curve of windows commanding the whole panorama of the bay was built on to it. Once again it was burned down, and once again it was rebuilt and enlarged in the re-building, and when the doctors sent the late King Edward to Biarritz, it was to the Hôtel du Palais that he came. Those were the palmiest days that Biarritz has known since the Second Empire. Nowadays the town, thanks to the tonic of its salted air, its golf, and its pack of hounds, prospers, but the prices of its imperial and royal days have climbed down to more reasonable figures. One of the people of Biarritz once described to me the various seasons of the place in this way: "In the summer the French come, then the Spaniards, then the Russians; then, in September, the English lords and ladies. All the winter through there are the careful English, and in the spring the lords and ladies come again for a little."

The Early Easter. The early Easter, which the hôteliers all over the South of France regard as a calamity, for it sounds the retreat of the English back to their own land, has affected this town seriously. Biarritz was very full for a week at Easter time, and now, a good month before people should have thought of going back to the chill north, the hotel omnibuses are taking the big boxes down to the station, and there are gaps on the boards on which are put the names of the guests in the hotels. Not that, by any means, the curtain has yet been rung down. The cross-country races of the Biarritz and Bayonne Hunt have yet to take place, and there are some of the most important competitions on the links yet to come; but a wet day now sets people thinking of England and their gardens in the country there, and of the delights of shopping in London, and of dinner-parties, and the Courts. An early Easter is a very unsettling festival, but if Great Britain were to change the date of her Easter without the rest of the world following her example, she would not mend matters much, for people

would still go abroad for the Continental Easter. It might extend the Easter holidays of lazy people by a fortnight or three weeks, but it would mix up the feasts of the church very confusingly. If we want a settled date for a spring week-end holiday—and I think we do—let Parliament strip Easter of its Bank Holidays, and give us a Saturday and a Monday Bank Holiday in mid-April. If our legislators will press that button we will do the rest.

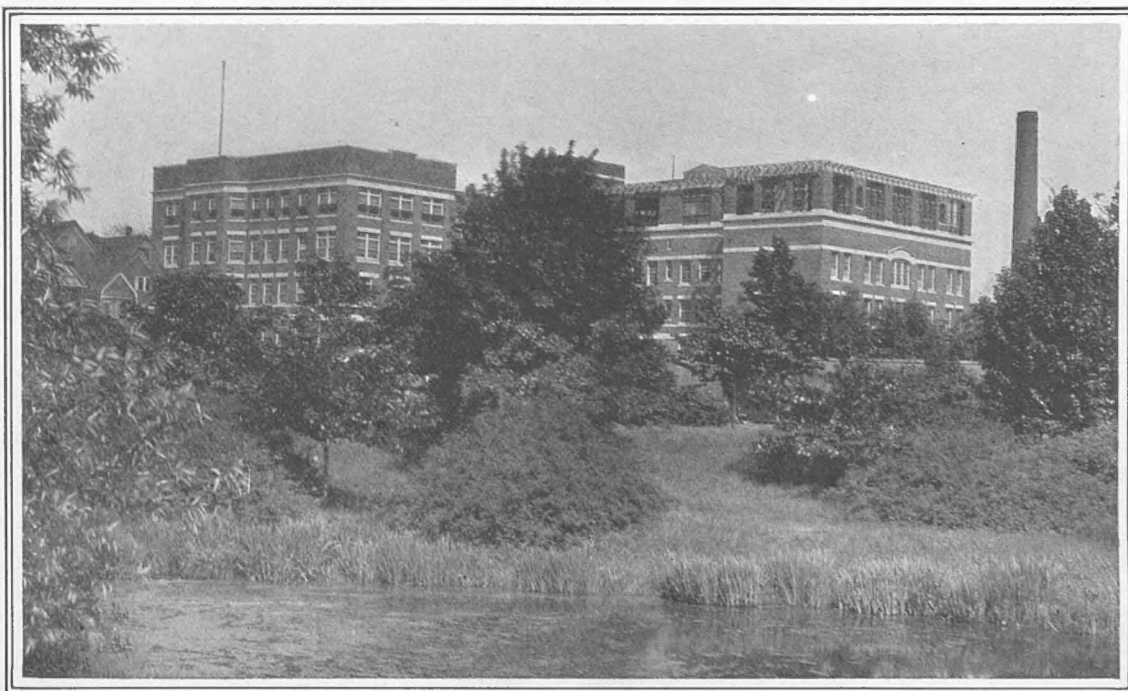


AMALGAMATED WITH GREENING'S, MR. STANLEY PAUL.

The publishing businesses of Mr. Stanley Paul and Messrs. Greening and Co., Ltd., have been amalgamated; but both firms will continue under their own name. Mr. Stanley Paul, who is in control, will thus have under his direction some 1300 current books. Mr. Paul began publishing four-and-a-half years ago; Messrs. Greening, sixteen years ago.

Bayonne. A rainy Sunday is certainly not the best day on which to see Bayonne, but it was because it was raining that I went over, on the tram-cars which run between the two towns, to the town which has given its name to bayonets all the world over, for there is in Bayonne a very fascinating street—the street in which the confectioners have their shops—which is arcaded by the first floors of all the houses being above the pavement, supported by heavy arches which keep out the heat and glare on hot days, and the rain on wet days. I think I was the only stranger from Biarritz who had thought of that street as a shelter, for though half the inhabitants of Bayonne were taking their exercise in it, the pastrycooks' shops were all open, but all empty, and the little tea-tables with white cloths set out to catch the eyes of British and American ladies were bait that caught no fish. All the people of Bayonne who were not in the arcaded street seemed to have gathered in the arcade which surrounds the big theatre, and bare-headed girls walking in twos and threes chaffed the young soldiers who had come out of barracks to go to the fair—a fair which was in progress just beyond the fortifications—and were waiting in shelter for the rain to clear off, which it showed no signs of doing. A fair-ground in pouring rain, with half the booths closed and no one going into those that are open, is a melancholy sight as I saw it from the tram-car. One landmark I missed at Bayonne—the old gate of the city, which was left standing when the moat was filled up and

the bastions pulled down to make gardens and a wide road by the river. When King Edward went over to Bayonne on the occasion of his last visit to Biarritz, he was told that this gateway was going to be taken down. He begged that it might be spared, as it had an historical interest as being intimately connected with the siege of the town when, in the last days of the First Empire, Soult, retiring from Spain, fought a series of brilliant actions to retard the advance of the British, a series which came to an end with the indecisive but



FOR THE CURING OF BLUES—NOT UNIVERSITY! THE NEW PSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITAL IN BOSTON, U.S.A.

It is asserted that "the blues" is a "mild and curable form of insanity; and the new Psychopathic Hospital at Boston is to be devoted to the defeating of that ill-coloured complaint. To quote an article on the subject: "When a person has what is commonly called 'the blues,' and this form of melancholy occurs with increasing frequency, it is held to be nothing more or less than incipient forms of insanity. By establishing the novel form of treating out-patients there is the advantage of enabling many of the afflicted ones, those so fortunate as to be cured, to have this treatment so privately as to escape the stigma of being insane—a stigma that follows one who has for any period been an inmate of an asylum for the insane."—[Photograph by Dadmun Co.]

bloody battle fought under the walls of Toulouse after Napoleon had abdicated. But the gateway has now disappeared. I hope it has not been hammered to pieces to make metal for the roads, and that it has been set up again in some spot where it will not be an obstacle to traffic.

ANOTHER DRAW: THE INTER-UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH.

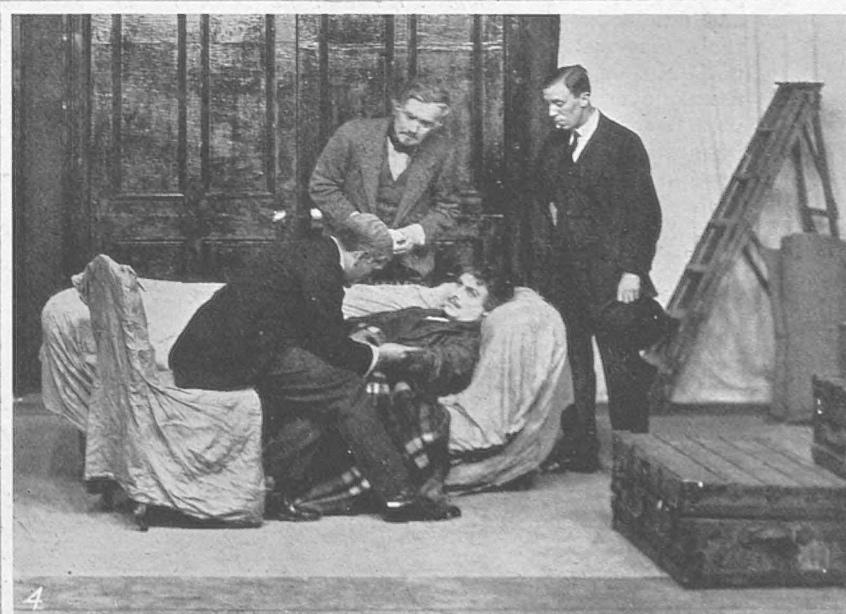
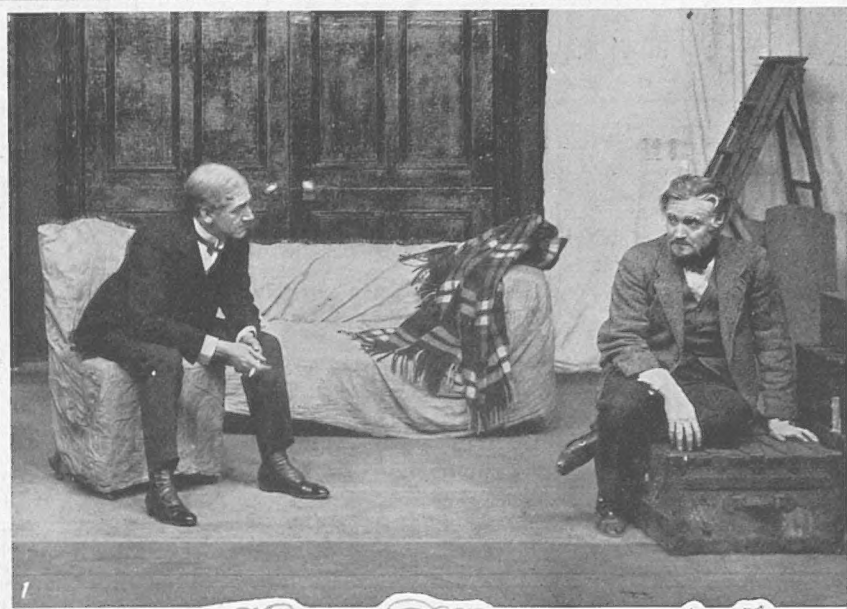


OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS AT HOYLAK: SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

For the third time since 1878, the annual golf match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities has ended in a draw; the second occasion on which this happened was last year. The play took place on the Royal Liverpool Club's course at Hoylake. At the very end, Mr. J. R. Platt saved the situation for Oxford, defeating Mr. Woosnam. The Oxford winners were Mr. W. F. C. McClure, who beat Mr. R. G. C. Yerburch (2 and 1); Mr. M. Tennant, who beat Mr. B. P. Neville (4 and 3); Mr. J. R. Platt, who beat Mr. M. Woosnam (2 and 1); and Mr. G. B. Crole, who beat Mr. R. B. Vincent (3 and 2). The Cambridge winners were Mr. C. Gardiner-Hill, who beat Mr. G. D. Forrester (2 and 1); Mr. R. P. Humphries, who beat Mr. L. L. S. Dodsworth (7 and 5); Mr. F. R. Walls, who beat Mr. R. V. Bardsley (5 and 3); and Mr. R. S. Richardson, who beat Mr. R. H. Jobson (5 and 4).

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

ABBEY FUNERAL FOR A VALET! "THE GREAT ADVENTURE."



1. ILAM CARVE (MR. HENRY AINLEY) EXPLAINS TO DR. PASCOE (MR. CLAUDE KING) THE SUFFERINGS OF A SHY CELEBRITY.
3. MR. HENRY AINLEY AS ILAM CARVE, THE SHY ARTIST WHO LETS HIS VALET BE BURIED IN THE ABBEY AS HIMSELF.

2. ILAM CARVE SEES IN THE PAPERS A DEMAND FOR HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: MR. AINLEY AS CARVE AND MISS WISH WYNNE AS JANET CANNOT.
4. THE DEATH OF CARVE'S VALET: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS ILAM CARVE, AND MR. GEDGE TWYMAN AS ALBERT SHAWN.

Ilam Carve is a very great artist, so great that he detests publicity, and is known to very few. His shyness is such that when his valet, who is very like him, dies, and the doctor, who does not know him, mistakes the servant for master, he finds explanation so much against the grain that he does not set the error right. Not only this, but, realising that the much-desired obscurity is in his hands, he permits the nation to bury the dead valet, as Ilam Carve, in Westminster Abbey. Later, still as the valet, Albert Shawn, he marries Mrs. Janet Cannot, and begins life on £80 a year. The money proves insufficient, and at length Carve sells some paintings. A Bond Street dealer, getting these, sells them as genuine Carves, which, of course, they are; but it is found that some of the pictures were painted after the supposed death of the artist. At last, to save the dealer's reputation and to prevent a law case, Carve proves his identity by showing a birth-mark. Then he once more seeks obscurity. "The Great Adventure," which is by Mr. Arnold Bennett, is at the Kingsway.—(Photographs by G.N.)



"THE YELLOW JACKET" IN AN ENGLISH DRESS.

I Bow to the Reader—If Any.

To the august ladies and gentlemen of either sex who may condescend to read this blithering and ridiculous tosh, I grovellingly present my grotesquely inadequate homage and—I bow. I am commissioned by the Editor of this august and altogether ineffable journal—may the bones of his ancestors rest ever in peace!—to discourse to your august ears concerning the pseudo-Chinese play that is now graciously running at the theatre of the Duke of York (whether of the august last bearer of that title or of the one whose column is directly south of the monument commonly called "the Quoit-Players," I do not know), and therefore, grovelling in the humblest dust, I reverentially beg your august condescension for the following observations—and I could go on like this, at a reasonable rate of remuneration, for hours; but I get pretty quickly "fed up" with the conventional Chinese conversation of the stage, and I daresay you do as well, and there are moments during "The Yellow Jacket" when one would like to shoot the next person who uses the word "august." Still, it is quite a good show. Not too Chinese, of course, but just Chinese enough, and with a bit more of the genuine Celestial flavour than "The Cat and the Cherub," or "The Moonlight Blossom," or "Turandot, Princess of China," or "The Darling of the Gods," or "Madame Butterfly"—you may hint that

the last two are Japanese, not Chinese; but, of course, from our point of view the difference is immaterial. It has been objected by a critic, for whom and his ancestors I have the profoundest respect and admiration, that the management has not quite brought the scent of the Chinese theatre over the footlights—I think the critic used the word "stink"—and for this we may be grateful; and that the music has been much bowdlerised—a mercy. Everybody knows that the great Shah of Persia, who visited us when I was young, and gave birth to that popular epic, "Oh, Have You Seen the Shah?" thoroughly enjoyed the noise made by the orchestra when tuning up at the opera-house, but did not like what happened when the conductor waved his bâton,

WITH THE BABY WU HOO GIT: MISS LENA BURNLEIGH AS CHEE MOO.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

and his taste in music was very much like that of the Chinese. Yet in reality they possess a highly developed, elaborate method, which I daresay is quite as sound as the empirical system of unscientific compromises which ravishes our ears, and now finds its latest, noblest expression in the horrid debauch of rag-time tunes that are making some of us long for death—not, of course, our own death.

Chinese Make-Believe.

Oh, most august and highly intelligent reader, if any—but I promised to drop that sort of thing, and so will substitute a charming, now disused old English formula, "gentle reader"—let me tell you that "The Yellow Jacket" is a Westernised version of a Chinese chronicle play of hatred, adventure, and love, presented, as far as reasonably may be, after the fashion prevailing in the theatres of Canton, the

scenic arrangements of which bear curious resemblances to those of the Elizabethan theatre, though the long, projecting apron of the true Chinese and early English theatre is not employed. The play is very quaint, and sometimes pretty, and in one scene has quite a poetical flavour, appealing to eye, ear, and imagination. Fundamentally, it is very interesting because it shows how needless is realism, how prodigiously an audience is capable of make-believe. A long rug spread over some seats to represent a bark, a couple of boatmen some distance behind the incredible craft, the scratching of something against wood, sensuous sounds produced mainly by the scraping of catgut, a pair of lovers (one of them a dreadfully naughty young person at the command of any fat purse)—and behold, a gorgeous pleasure-barge almost as beautiful as Cleopatra's, and the melody of Shakespeare, music of Gounod, and a momentary surrender by all of us to elementary instincts of passion.

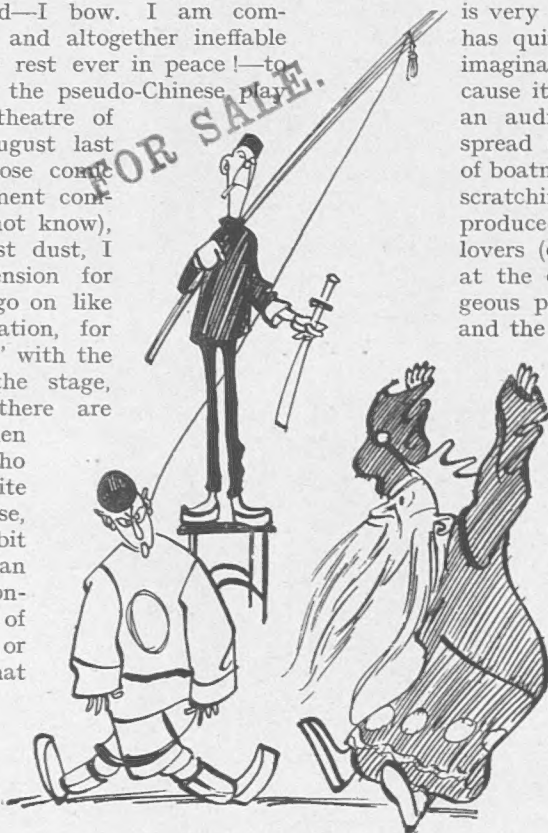
The Chorus and Players.

Nevertheless, the real joy of the audience came from the Chorus, admittedly quite un-Chinese, and "the Property-Man." No doubt, we all chuckled at the absurdities, at the entry of people on horses that did not exist, at the ridiculous stage combats, at the Alpine climbing over two tables and a couple of chairs, and so on; but our greatest pleasure was in the Chorus, the fatuous and self-complacent, the Chorus, "pompous, portentous, portly protuberant"—line suggested by Tennyson and the "Tiser"—the Chorus who explained everything and nothing, who announced the changes of the scenery that did not exist, who put the actors into their proper places from the point

of view of the author, and boldly claimed credit for what we knew to be the work of other people. Mr. Frederick Ross represented him deliciously, and was irresistible not only in his quiet humour, but also on account of elocution of a quality rarely heard on our boards. Now the Property-Man was silent, but he filled the stage with his silence. Under the pretence of being invisible, though he was quite as obvious as the Albert Hall from the Albert Memorial, he mixed with the players during the performance, and handed them the swords, or the

weeping willow-tree, or the snow-storm, or any little thing like that needed by them, with an air of the profoundest contempt and boredom—not even the youngest of our dramatic critics could show a profounder scorn for actors and acting than this Property-Man, who was rendered perfectly by Mr. Holman Clark. Amongst those whom he despised and we admired were Miss Christine Silver, delightfully sincere and pathetic as a brave little Chinese woman, and Mr. Cowley Wright, a dashing, manly young hero; also Mr. George Relph, a sort of Chinese version of the aesthete of many moons ago, very charming in his affected style; nor should we overlook Mr. Ernest Hendrie, droll as a

Chinese official in one act, curiously sinister and effective as a villain in the next. And altogether it is quite a jolly entertainment, and will give pleasure to every kind of playgoer.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THE HERO, AIDED BY THE PROPERTY-MAN, HANGS HIMSELF FROM A WILLOW-TREE: MR. F. COWLEY WRIGHT AS WU HOO GIT; MR. HOLMAN CLARK AS THE PROPERTY-MAN; AND MR. FREDERIC DE LARA AS GIT HOK GAR.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE LOVERS: MISS SHEILA HAYES AS MOY FAH LOY, AND MR. F. COWLEY WRIGHT AS WU HOO GIT.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"GREAT SOUND LANGUAGE": MR. E. HENRY EDWARDS AS WU SIN YIN.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE YELLOW JACKET."



THE INTENSELY INVISIBLE! MR. HOLMAN CLARK AS THE PROPERTY-MAN, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

As we note under other illustrations of "The Yellow Jacket," the Property-Man is the most important person concerned in "The Yellow Jacket"; and knows it! He provides everything—from the ladder which is the path to heaven, to a mighty mountain of tables and stools, from a red bag to represent a severed head to a willow-tree which is no more than a bamboo, from snow to spider's-web, from silken chariot to silken battlements. He is on the stage throughout, and is supposed to be "intensely invisible" to the audience.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM AND COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

THE bride excepted, the lady of the day on April 17 will be Lady Grosvenor. She has a presence fit for the occasion. Gracious as the bishop of some mellow diocese in Umbria, she has, besides, the grace of the complete Englishwoman. She is to the manner born of such ceremonial as is half ecclesiastic and half social.

The Potential Abbess.

She carries with her the suggestion of the pastoral staff. Her very rings have an episcopal rather than a worldly aspect. Her amber beads, which she prefers to brilliants, might in an emergency serve her for a rosary. If the world had not demanded her attention as wife and mother and woman of leading, she would have gathered, one imagines, her flock in some sort of religious community. Her recreations—music, painting, and gardening—would all have suited the needs of the cloister. She is the hypothetical abbess; but, by an admirable stroke of good luck, the hypothesis is an idle one.

Diana's Capture.

She has, indeed, gone into the churches; but not always alone: the gay throng is with her. Next week will be the fourth occasion on which she has mothered a principal actor in a great wedding. Eleven years ago it was Lady Shaftesbury, fourteen years ago it was both the Duke of Westminster and Lady Beauchamp, and now it is Miss Diana Lister who hastens to secure her as a mother-in-law. In this respect, at any rate, it is for once permissible to suggest that a bride, whom convention requires to be three minutes late at the church-door, does not tarry for the fraction of a moment.

Benediction or "Bend Or."

In Belfast Castle Lady Shaftesbury reproduces the Grosvenor atmosphere of Saighton Grange, of 35, Park Lane, and now of Belgrave Square, where Mr. George Wyndham and his wife lately took up their abode. Lord Shaftesbury, of course, is the perfectly appropriate son-in-law; and Lord Beauchamp is no less the good Churchman. If Lady Grosvenor's son, the Duke of Westminster, full of insistent distractions, has much concern with religion, one may suppose that it is as a member of the Church and Stage Guild. Eaton Hall is, at any rate, quite near a cathedral; and the attendances in the chapel of Belfast Castle are numerous enough to create a good average for half-a-dozen family mansions.

Mr. Wyndham.

The most intimate of Mr. Balfour's private secretaries, a Guardsman who left the Army in time to save his soul from the stiff militarism of the confirmed

soldier, a Cabinet Minister with a resignation to his credit, Mr. Wyndham knows most things that are worth the knowing in the world of affairs. If he knows men, he also knows the squirrels, whom he watches at their domestic blisses in Regent's Park, and he has written a ballad about the rooks that gather round Clouds House. He can tell you off-hand the exact date of the sonnet's first entry into England—it came almost hand in hand with tobacco. Mr. Wyndham, in commemoration, simultaneously consumes the one and composes the other.

The Man of Letters.

He has not buried himself among the old poets. It was in Venice that he first read Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley, when it originally appeared in the *Dublin Review*, and straightway sitting back in his gondola, he wrote the letter to a friend which now stands as the famous preface to a famous book. Did his letters often come into the hands of the publishers, there would be no saving them from print. They have the true ring of the man of letters. Like his talk, they are large-mannered. He leaves to others the writing of notes and the staccato interjections of the modern conversationalist. He needs scope—an evening for talk and a whole quire for his correspondence. But try and find a sentence to delete, and you know that his abundant length is never superabundance.

Matters of Taste.

"As I get older," he has said, "the more do I affect the two extremes of literature. Let me have either pure poetry or else the statements of actors and sufferers." It is his good luck to be always discovering the combination. He edited W. E. Henley, whose hospital verses might be classified under both heads: he edited Shakespeare (if that is the phrase), in whom is every possible conjunction of literature and life; he has studied Villon, who jangles France and French poetry with Mr. Belloc.

On the Road with Hilaire.

The two have walked together over sacred ground in France, capping one another's quotations and sampling the cellars of the obscure inns that Hilaire divulges to none but his best friends. One companion, after a twenty-mile walk, the ex-gunner of the French Army is said to have blindfolded as they approached a hostelry endowed with a rare vintage. "This bottle you shall drink and no more," he said that night, but in the morning forgot, at their departure, to renew the bandage. If Mr. Wyndham was the friend, he, too, has kept the secret of the locality and its sign.



COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Countess Grosvenor, mother of the Duke of Westminster and sister of the Earl of Scarbrough, was born in 1855. Her marriage to Earl Grosvenor (died 1884), son of the first Duke of Westminster, took place in 1874. In 1887, she married the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, P.C., M.P. Mr. George Wyndham, who was born in 1863, is the elder son of the late Captain the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, third son of the first Lord Leconfield.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

HERE AND THERE! SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND ON THE RIVIERA.



ON THE RIVIERA: COLONEL WILLIAM CORNWALLIS-WEST WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.



ON THE RIVIERA: VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND LORD CHARLES MONTAGU.



AT A POINT-TO-POINT: CAPTAIN THE HON. HARRY VANE, M.F.H., AND MRS. WICKHAM BOYNTON, OF BOYNTON HALL, NEAR HULL.



AT HOME: VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON, HER FATHER, BARON DE NEUFLIZE, AND VISCOUNT DUNCANNON.

The Hon. Henry Cecil Vane, who was born in September 1882, and was formerly in the 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, is the eldest son of Henry de Vere Vane, who, in 1892, was adjudged ninth Baron Barnard by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords. Lord Barnard, who is the son of Sir Henry Morgan Vane, a descendant of the second Baron, succeeded, in the Barony, Harry George, fourth Duke of Cleveland, who died in 1891, when all his honours, save the Barony, became extinct.—Colonel William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West is the father of the Duchess of Westminster, whose marriage to the second Duke took place in 1901.—Viscountess Ingestre, wife of the Earl of Shrewsbury's heir, is the daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget, and was married in 1904.—The Duke of Marlborough, who was born in November 1871, is the ninth holder of the title. He acted as Lord High Steward at the Coronation of King Edward VII. In 1895, he married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.—Lord Charles Montagu is the son of the seventh Duke of Manchester, and is the uncle of the present Duke. He was born in 1860. He is a stockbroker.—Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, married Mlle. Roberte de Neuflize, only daughter of Baron de Neuflize, of Paris, early in 1912. Lady Duncannon has just presented her husband with a son.—[Photographs by Nassau, Topham, and Toole.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE acceptance by the King and Queen of the Kaiser's invitation to Germany is the happiest possible conclusion to the many rumours of their Majesties' Continental journey. A round of State visits being for various reasons undesirable at the moment, a difficulty had been created in regard to the choice of a place, or places, of call. France and Austria, to name no others, were countries on the list of first claimants for a visit, and until there cropped up some peculiar reason for the preference going to one or other, their Majesties were, so to speak, detained in their own territories. It was known that the King and Queen were anxious to revisit the Continent, and the marriage of Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia and Prince Ernest of Cumberland offers the best sort of pretext at exactly the right moment.



TO MARRY THE REV. HUGH ROBERT PHILIPS TO-DAY (APRIL 9): MISS MARY LISTER.

Photograph by Russell.

rounded by them, and the luncheon with the Royal Artillery Mess was a function specially approved by his Majesty, despite some alternative suggestions, when the plans of the day were submitted to him. Later on there will be the review of the Household Brigade, and in Germany the Court atmosphere he will enter is wholly military. If Mr. Winston Churchill should be the Minister in attendance, he will for once be allowed to forget about the German Navy.

Smoke of Gold. Lord St. Oswald was less dilatory than the brother whose engagement is now announced, for it is more than twenty years ago that he married a daughter of one of "the beautiful Mon-criefes."

Not long hence, moreover, he will be celebrating the coming-of-age of a son and heir. Known as Rowland Winn in a famous Salisbury Administration, he is now much given to interests nearer home. From Nostell Priory he can see the smoke rising from his colliery chimneys. It is said he has no ardent sympathy with the Society for the Abatement of the Smoke Nuisance.

The Doll's House. Nostell Priory has many attractions besides the comfortable flourish of colliery smoke on the horizon. It has its trees, and memories of

a man who made rare use of the family timber. Chippendale was a carpenter on the estate, and left his mark on many of the rooms. He went further; he built a doll's house, and fitted it throughout. In the world of furniture, Ibsen's production is far less famous.



TO MARRY LADY MARY DAWSON: MAJOR THE HON. GEORGE CRICHTON.

Major Crichton, who was born in 1874, is Assistant-Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's Department. He served in South Africa; was wounded; and was awarded a medal with four clasps. He was in the Coldstreams.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MAJOR THE HON. GEORGE CRICHTON, SECOND SON OF THE EARL OF ERNE: LADY MARY DAWSON.

Lady Mary Dawson, who was born in 1887, younger daughter of the Earl of Dartrey, was a train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation of King George V. (Photo. by Topical.)

The Not Quite White Elephant.

Spring-cleanliness is next door to homelessness, and a distaste for being turned out by pail and swab is growing on the community. Many people whose Parliamentary duties keep them in town in the intervals between opera and opera and dance and dance are letting slide the fixed fortnight of dripping façade, damp floors, and shrouded furniture. The motor-cars that carry the Londoner out of town fetch him back again as quickly; he does not stay away long enough to give the plumber and decorator a proper opening. Marlborough House, however, may shortly be given over to its staff, but not until Queen Alexandra leaves. Meanwhile, all plans for Stafford House are checked, and it will not undergo the overhauling that would have pre-faced its acceptance by the nation. It is still, in one sense, a white elephant, but not because it has received a soaping. It is difficult to say whether its disconsolate appearance at the moment is owing to London smoke or the sense of desertion that must cling to it as long as the passing of the Duchess is in our minds.

The Privilege of the Shut Door.

Queen Alexandra has the courage not only of her opinions, but of her moods and inclinations. Thus Marlborough House, where old customs are generally supposed to survive the frolics of fashion, will not this year inevitably submit to the tyranny of a spring-cleaning, any more than the Queen-Mother herself to the tyranny of set plans. At present it is thought that her Majesty will leave town for a prolonged holiday, but even at Marlborough House she is able to secure for herself the seclusion she often desires. Last week the deputations of Peers and Members of the Commons which had arranged to wait upon her Majesty to present the address of condolence voted by both Houses were advised, before they started, that it would be too painful for her to receive them. If it is a Queen's due to receive deputations at a time of private grief, it is also her right to refuse the ordeal.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT PERCY SMYTH OSBOURNE TO-DAY (APRIL 9): MISS ELAINE GOSSELIN.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS ELAINE GOSSELIN TO-DAY (APRIL 9): LIEUTENANT PERCY SMYTH OSBOURNE, R.N.

Lieutenant Osbourne is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Smyth Osbourne, of Ash, Idlesleigh, Devon. Miss Gosselein is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Martin Gosselein and the Hon. Lady Gosselein.

Photograph by Russell, Southern.



TO MARRY MISS MARY LISTER TO-DAY (APRIL 9): THE REV. HUGH ROBERT PHILIPS.

Mr. Philips is Vicar of Thorpe Acre with Dishley, Loughborough, and for four years was curate of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. He was ordained priest in 1906. Miss Lister is the daughter of the late Sir Villiers Lister.

Photograph by Swaine.

TOSES AT A HUNT'S POINT-TO-POINTS—AND A JUMP.



1. AT THE WATER JUMP: CAPTAIN BIRCH TAKES A BATH.

3. A FALL WHICH CALLED FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HORSE: MR. S. WINTER'S MAJOR VII. BREAKS HIS BACK IN THE ATHERSTONE HUNT HEAVY-WEIGHT FARMERS' RACE.

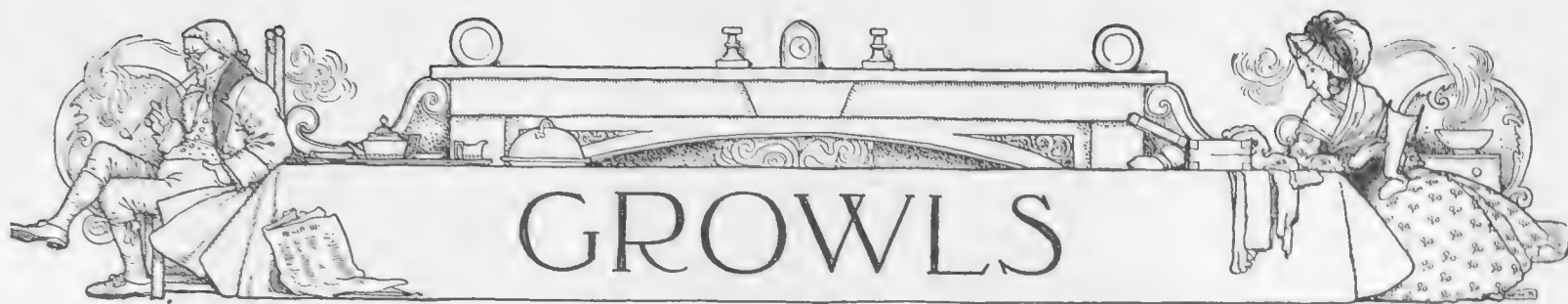
2. IN THE ATHERSTONE HUNT CUP: MR. B. HARDY'S MERLIN FALLS.

4. JUMPING A BROOK: LADY NORAH HASTINGS, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

5. ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE WATER JUMP: A TOSS.

The Atherstone Hunt Point-to-Points were held at Burton Hastings, near Nuneaton. The Atherstone Hunt Light-Weight Farmers' Race was won by Mr. P. Toone's Fox Covert (Mr. R. Black); the United Hunts' Cup, by Mr. F. Ambrose Clark's Floral Artist (Owner); the Atherstone Hunt Cup Light-Weight by Mr. L. G. Moore's Silversand (Owner); the Atherstone Hunt Cup Heavy-Weight by Mr. Denison Pender's Tearaway; and the Atherstone Hunt Heavy-Weight Farmers' Race by Mr. J. R. Morgan's Ginger VII. (Mr. E. P. King). In the Atherstone Hunt Cup the light and heavy-weights ran together: the light-weights wore pink coats, the heavy-weights, black.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.



THE LUXURY OF LIFE: THE CODDLING OF OUR BOYS.

THE worst of longevity is that it has a distinct tendency to engender discontent, and I find that the older I grow the more dissatisfied do I become. Amongst the features of our modern life which I notice continually impressing themselves on me unfavourably are the conditions under which the rising generation is being brought up as compared with those which obtained in the days of my juvenility. When I examine myself analytically, I feel perfectly sure that I do not grudge the youngsters of to-day the natural and inevitable consequences of the march of science. They have, to be sure, thousands of things—which, for want of a better name, we may call advantages—which were not available when I was the occupant of knickerbockers. They can tear about through the country in motor-cars, and may even soar above the clouds in diversified air-craft. They may go hissing over the water in hydroplanes, and indulge in all sorts of forms of progression which were not open to me. Their very toys are masterpieces of mechanical ingenuity, and they are in a position, to eye with a completely *blasé* air what would have been amazing miracles to me. Still, I am not conscious of regarding them with envy because all these newfangledments are granted unto them. The telephone is here for them, and they may lisp in infant numbers into the receiver without upsetting me. The picture-palace is here for their delectation, and I can observe them taking advantage of its allurements without experiencing any sensation in the nature of gall and wormwood. I am not certain that I myself derive any particular solace from these inventions now that I am in the sere and yellow leaf, and I am not therefore disposed to grumble at the fact that they were not the accompaniment of my boyhood's hours.

My Ground of Complaint. I realise to the full that it would be positively churlish and the reverse of reasonable to begrudge the young the enjoyment of such innovations as are at their disposal, and my grievance is founded upon a totally different basis. What I complain of is that, in addition to all these fallaldoms of modern science, they are the recipients of further advantages which were denied to me at their age. Everything seems to be done to make their way through life smooth and unbunkered after a fashion unknown to the palmy Victorian days. I read of great and good men seriously and publicly advocating the abolition of compulsory Greek, and I boil with fury. I remember the weary, dragging hours spent by me in grappling with accents and accidence, and in mastering the matrimonial manœuvrings of gods

and goddesses, and I cannot help feeling that it is grossly unfair that the boys of to-day should be allowed to grow placidly to manhood exempt from the horrors that once encompassed me. That they should at one and the same time be immune from the Greek grammar and boast the heritage of the gramophone strikes me as a grievous injustice to myself; and that they should simultaneously inherit the patent safety-razor and freedom from Liddell and Scott is out of keeping with my idea of what is right and proper. And before I have done writhing over this wrong I find that yet other worthies—

with the best intentions, no doubt—are conducting an agitation in favour of what they are pleased to term phonetic spelling, and again I find the thought bitter to the taste. I look back through the long vista of the years and recall the anguish I underwent while I was slowly attaining to my present proficiency in spelling the English language, and feel that it would be nothing short of a scandal to permit the youth of to-day and to-morrow to escape a similar experience.



THE RAID OF THE ALLEGED GAMBLING DEN IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE: HIDING FACES FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER, OUTSIDE THE TEMPORARY COURT OFF THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

An Inequitable State of Things. Here, I say, is the modern boy born at a period of history when wonderments are rife. The petrol of the world is ready to his hand, and his very perambulator may have six cylinders. Science is at his beck and call, and Melba and Caruso may gramophonically sing him to sleep. Good, kind men will take him by the hand and enrol him among the Boy Scouts, and teach him to avoid capture by the enemy and how to manage to do at least one kind act a day. None of these boons and blessings came my way. There was no petrol to my pram, no gramophone in my school-room, and nobody taught me scoutcraft and kind deeds. If I had in my youth been discovered

doing one good deed in the course of a year I should have been regarded with open-mouthed suspicion. And yet, while I was made to suffer the slings and arrows of a classical education and to learn to conform to the incongruities of orthodox spelling, he is to be permitted to go scot-free. I am firmly of opinion that these exemptions cannot possibly be good for him, and I am quite certain that they are not good for me to gaze upon. I foresee a namby-pamby population in this country in the ages to come unless we give up our present practice of combining the showering of privileges upon our youth with the removal of every rut from the road that is to be travelled. Such a procedure is, to my mind, unworthy of a Viking breed, and I am no believer in making things so easy and comfortable for our boys. There were no primroses in my youthful path, and I cannot see why there should be nothing else in theirs.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



59566. France.

VIII.—THE MAN WHO CAN'T GIVE UP TOBACCO WHEN HE WILLS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



FROM CHINA TO MY PORCH: A LETTER FROM HONG-KONG.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

BUT I won't let you be a ship that passes in the night. You must push open my garden-gate and come in, friend Ernest from China. I suppose you will be able to recognise this as an answer to your letter from Hong-Kong. I deciphered "Ernest"—rightly, I think—but as to your other name! . . . it is like the signature doctors append to their prescriptions, as if shy of what they have written! But you have no need of being shy at what you wrote. May I quote some of it for the amusement (or would you rather I said "edification"?) of my lady readers?

"Dear Phrynette," say you—my other and real name is Marthe, you know, and Martouche for short—but this is of no importance, not so much as that of being Ernest! Let us proceed—"I dined alone this evening"—why ever did you do that, friend Ernest? It is not good for man to feed alone, and it's worse for woman. Whenever it happened to me (seldom, I confess) my potage was quite salt from the tears I shed therein, and there are nicer things than lachryma vermicelli—"and whilst trying to eat the things that the Chinese cook thought proper I should eat"—oh, what were these things, friend Ernest? Swallow-nests, perhaps, rice *en poudre* and lotus-flowers *sur canapé*? Men never will give details. A Celestial menu must be worth hearing about, though. If you are so interested in menus, will you, say, turn to your bookshelf and take down "Caviare." Aye, but the good things therein are not eaten with little chop-sticks, and it is the strangeness of the concoctions—culinary or others—that amuses the curiosity of our appetites. . . . Where was I with your letter, friend Ernest? Ah, yes—"While dining, I perused your usual wandering in *The Sketch* dated Jan. 15." But that's going back to the Flood! What did I say on that day that made you feel you wanted to write to me? You will tell me,

won't you, so that I may do it again. "Well, then, I am about to visit the old country after a stay of six years in this drab city." Is Hong Kong a drab city?—Hong Kong—the name to me is as a tinkling of brass bells, and a deep drumming of gongs, and soft pad-padding of high-soled shoes. Hong Kong—it evokes streets white and yellow, tall arches of gilt and red, with sharp corners turning up, and furtive figures in turquoise silk. . . . Don't tell me, friend Ernest, that I am wrong (again, alas!), and that a Hong Kong street is like an East End lane. "I thought," say you, "that before I left I

would never receive it." Now, that last phrase pains me. Why should I not receive it? Does it mean that if you thought twice about it you would not write; or that, once home, you would have things more interesting to do; or (yes, I prefer to believe that) does it mean that, once home, you would tell me all those things in *persona propria*?

"I like you," you continue, "firstly, because your opinions match mine in so many places." Oh, what a pity, Mr. Ernest. If you agree with me from the beginning, then you take away from me the pleasure of convincing you—oh, by gentle persuasion only! I am not one of the sort you dread—"I tell you," you tell me, "I am almost afraid to come home, because when I do I shall see a Suffragette—" (brrrr! the very way you traced that word made my flesh creep—it looked as if your stylo was a stiletto) "and my opinion of women is going downwards. This is a pity, because my mother is a saint and my sisters are dear things, but what can I do?" Wait and see, too earnest man! "I like women awfully" (hear, hear!), "but the tactics of women at home who want a mere vote appall me. However, let it pass here."

I think you are a nice man, because your mother is a saint. Every nice man's mother is, and every nice girl's mamma, too. But especially while the girl is still very young. Do you know that my own little girl calls me her "Goddess pink and blue"? I am somewhat pink, thanks to fresh air and good English beef (how earthy!), and I do favour blue, except as a mood—the rest of the appellation may be described as a courtesy title, what!

"You are leaving your garden gate open," you muse. "Splendid, but I dare not enter; you would soon pull me to pieces—I who have been away from white women for six years. 'What a softy I have here,' you would say." No, I would not, indeed; nor would I say, "And how do you like London?" I would take you to my roses and my peacocks, and then we would go in for a cup of tea, and I would sit in the best light, and arrange the hem of my gown in that 'cute, tricky way women have, and I would drop my handkerchief, and while you picked it up I would slyly powder my nose, and then you would talk about yourself and I would listen brilliantly, and you would go away (but not for ever) very pleased with yourself, thinking "White women have not changed a bit, after all!"—and never realising that you had been actually sharing toast and sugar with one who might accept the vote—if it were offered to her very nicely!

The door is ajar.



FORMERLY LORD AND LADY HERBERT; THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

The fifteenth Earl, who succeeded on the sudden death of his father in Italy the other day, was born on Sept. 8, 1880. He is in the Royal Horse Guards, and A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland. In 1904, he married Lady Beatrice Eleanor, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget. Lord and Lady Pembroke have three sons and a daughter.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

would write you, and wish you a 'Few and Full' years, for *The Sketch* has helped to keep me in touch with things civilised for those years, and if I left my letter until I reached home I am sure you



A FINE SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER AND A FINE SOCIETY FENCER: BARON AND BARONESS DE MEYER.

Baron de Meyer, who left the United States for Europe a few days ago, after a visit to the other side in company with his wife, is not only well known in Society, but has won fame as a photographer of outstanding ability and artistry. He is a Baron of the Kingdom of Saxony and was born in Paris. In 1899, he married the only child of the Duke Caracciolo. The Baroness is famous as a fencer.

Photograph by Grantham Bain.

THIS SHALLOW LIFE.

FOR SALE



COUNT VON HOOGEN HAGEN (*whose offer of a life-long devotion has been rejected by the Countess de Boulogne*): Zounds! but this is not good. The next time I commit suicide, I'll bring a lead with me.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



WIT OF THE BENCH AND THE BAR: HUMOURS OF THE LAW.

Plums.

Mr. F. E. Smith tells the truth when he says: "Many sarcasms have been directed at both the Bench and the Bar. Their humour, we are told, is mechanical and sterile. Sometimes we are assured (and not always without reason) that such appreciation as it receives is servile. The wit of lawyers, it is said, is very small beer." He tells the truth again when he points out that the constant association of judges and advocates has produced many flashes of fun which are worthy of preservation. That is where Mr. Engelbach comes in. There may be some to assert that he has shaken the spreading tree under which the village smithy stood; but, even though it be so, he has seen to it in some way which, surely, Luther Burbank would approve, that the heavily laden branches have let fall fewer chest-nuts than plums! Anyway, his preserve is excellent.

Dangerous Talk.

Let us test the fruit. "A counsel once getting up to one of Serjeant Prime's lengthy orations, which had made the jury very drowsy, began: 'Gentlemen, after the long speech of the learned Serjeant—' 'Sir, I beg your pardon,' interrupted Mr. Justice Nares; 'you might say, "after the long soliloquy"; for my brother Prime has been talking an hour to himself.' " On somewhat similar lines was a remark of Mr. Justice Day, who was once trying a case "when a prolix barrister wound up a wearying and uninteresting speech about some bags in the following words: 'They might, me Lud, have been full bags, or half-full bags, or again, they might have been empty bags.' 'Quite so; quite so,' assented the Judge, adding in his peculiarly dry manner: 'Or they might have been wind bags.' " Too much talk was a prisoner's undoing on another occasion. He was defending himself, and Lord Alverstone, not being able to hear him well, said: "What was your last sentence?" "Six months," was the prompt reply!

Caustic.

Both judges and advocates can be—and have been—caustic. Let us take a counsel first. "Serjeant Davy with his humour was quite a

match for the Chief Justice—Mansfield. Lord Mansfield, by no means profoundly skilled in the higher principles of law, broke out one day against

the Serjeant (who probably was correct, and at all events knew well what he was contesting) with this gibe: 'If this be law, Sir, I must burn all my books, I see.' 'Your Lordship had better read them first,' was Davy's rejoinder." Then a judge: "A prisoner, an old offender, was tried before Chief Baron O'Grady . . . charged with robbery on the highway, effected with considerable violence. To the surprise of his Lordship, who considered the case clearly proved, the verdict was 'Not Guilty.' The judge, determined to let the jury know what he thought of their decision, turning to the Crown Solicitor, inquired: 'Is there any other indictment against this innocent man?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Then tell the gaoler not to let him loose till I get half-an-hour's start of



"LE MINARET": M. HARRY BAUR AS MUSTAPHA, WHO OFFERS PLEASURE.

Photograph by Waléry, Paris.

him, for I'd rather not meet him on the road." Even the man in the box can score! "A well-known barrister at the Criminal

Bar . . . had an odd-looking witness upon whom to operate. 'You say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?' 'Yes, Sir—'cause why, she confessed it.' 'And you also swear she repaired shoes for you subsequent to the confession?' 'I do, Sir.' 'Then,' giving a knowing look at the court, 'we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?' 'Of course! How else could I get assistance from a lawyer?' 'Stand down!' shouted the man of law.

Bad Shillings and Men of Straw.

There are things quite curious, also, in Mr. Engelbach's volume: "At the time the Earl of Clonmel was Lord Chief Justice, a very undignified practice of paying his lordship a shilling for administering an oath was customary. As counterfeit coins, called 'Warwickshire shillings,' were in circulation, the astute judge used the following formula to assure his not having a base coin passed upon him. 'You

shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you, touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and handwriting?' " Then there is the origin of "men of straw": "Some years ago, men used to walk about openly in Westminster Hall with a piece of straw in their boot. By this sign attorneys knew that such persons were in want of employment as false witness, and would give any evidence required for money. For instance, if an advocate wanted an obliging witness he would go to one of these men, and show him a fee, which, if not sufficient, the witness would not take any notice of. The fee was then increased until its weight recalled the power of memory to a sufficient extent. By this they derived their name, 'Men of Straw.' "

of. The fee was then increased until its weight recalled the power of memory to a sufficient extent. By this they derived their name, 'Men of Straw.' "

"Out on Business"; and a Lord Mayor.

Another good story has to do with Mr. Justice Byles, who, when he was at the Bar, had a horse, or rather a pony, which used to arrive at his chambers in King's Bench Walk every afternoon at three o'clock. "Whatever his engagements, Mr. Byles would manage, by hook or by crook, to take a ride, generally to Regent's Park and back, on this animal, the sorry appearance of which was the amusement of the Temple. This horse was sometimes called 'Bills,' to give opportunity for the combination: 'There goes Byles on Bills'; but tradition says this is not the name by which its master knew it. He, or he and his clerk between them, called the horse 'Business,' and when a too curious client asked where the Serjeant was, the clerk answered with a clear conscience that he was 'Out on Business.' " Listen, further, to a pun—a truly terrible pun—made by Lord Chief Baron Pollock. "The Recorder of London, presenting the Lord Mayor, spoke of that worthy in inflated terms, saying: 'My Lord, he became an orphan when a young boy, and suffered indeed great poverty; but by his energy and perseverance, he has now become one of our city nobles.' Pollock listened apparently with the greatest interest . . . and presently asked: 'What is the difference between his former circumstances and the present?' . . . 'I will tell you the difference; it is merely a matter of degree. In youth he was a poor orphan, and now he is a better off 'un.' " For the rest, consult Mr. Engelbach.



"LE MINARET": M. F. GALIPAUX AS FEFEL, WHO OFFERS HIS HUMP AS A CHARM.

(SEE DOUBLE-PAGE IN SUPPLEMENT.)

Photograph by Waléry, Paris.



"LE MINARET": M. JEAN WORMS, AS NOUREDDINE, WHO OFFERS LOVE.

Photograph by Waléry, Paris.

* "Anecdotes of Bench and Bar." Collected and Arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach. With an Introduction by F. E. Smith, P.C., K.C., M.P. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

A MOVING PICTURE.

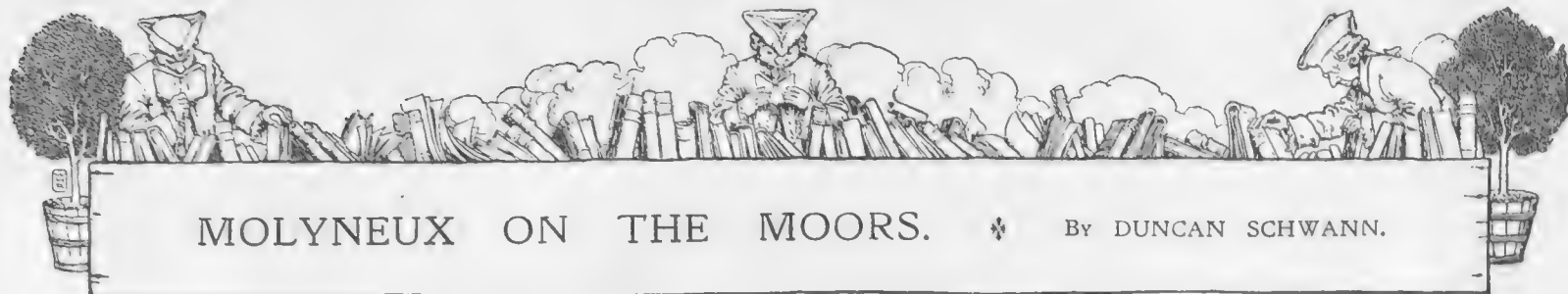
FOR SALE.



THE AERONAUT: Here, I say, are you there to help me or to watch me p-perish?

THE LEADER OF THE RESCUE-PARTY: 'Old 'ard, guv'nor; we can't do nothin' till the cinema bloke comes.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



MOLYNEUX ON THE MOORS.

BY DUNCAN SCHWANN.

"THE habits of the red grouse are peculiar."—I was seated at breakfast the morning after my arrival at the Perthshire lodge Andover has rented for the season, endeavouring, by means of judicious excerpts from a magazine article I had recently perused, to pose as a sportsman among sportsmen. "No one knows of what its diet really consists—heather-tops or—"

"There's no doubt of what *your* diet consists, anyway," interrupted Maurice Lester, Andover's younger brother, getting up from the table with a yawn he made no pretence of concealing.

"My diet?"—I stopped buttering my fifth scone. To my mind, it's well worth crossing the Tweed for the sake of the scones alone.—"What's my diet got to do with it?"

Maurice adjusted his silk collar in the glass over the mantelpiece before replying.

"This—that if you eat much more you won't hit a bird all day. Isn't that so, Tufnell?" And he appealed to that statesman, recuperating in the invigorating North from the fatigues of the Treasury Bench, fatigues engendered by his position as Home Secretary.

"Tufnell knows nothing whatever about the needs of my constitution," I retorted. "He doesn't weigh fourteen-and-a-half scone—stone. I'll soon show you whether I can hit the birds or not."

Andover threw down the *Scotsman*. He is one of those unsociable persons whose matutinal conversation is limited to "Good-morning," and "Pass the butter."

"The sooner the better, then, Molly."—(I often wonder why my parents took the trouble to christen me Frederick Hewitt Molyneux when I go through life the victim of an absurd abbreviation.)—"We're taking the far beat to-day, and the cars are ordered for a quarter-to-ten. It's just on the half-hour now."

"Are the ladies coming?" inquired the Right Honourable James Tufnell.

"Yes, worse luck," said our host, proving that gallantry and the possession of an earldom are not necessarily related.

At that moment the speaker's sister, Diana—Lady Diana Lester, to give her her full title—and a most particular friend of mine, entered the room. She was fully dressed for the moors, and a captivating vision.

"What a time you men take over breakfast!" she began. "Why, Mrs. Marchmont and Sybil and myself have been ready to start for the last ten minutes."

Considering that, after a meagre repast of toast and tea has been despatched, the average woman's toilette consists of slipping out of a dressing-gown and into a blouse and skirt, I wasn't surprised at the statement. A woman hasn't to shave, or buckle knickerbockers over thick stockings, or get into gaiters, or hunt for studs under a wardrobe, or perform a single one of the intricate evolutions that comprise the act of dressing for the male sex. I was on the point of urging as much when Andover stuck his clumsy spoke in.

"No wonder; you haven't had to watch Molly eat. He began with a pear, went on to porridge-and-cream, and a grilled trout, worked through a tidy helping of buttered eggs and bacon, made an excursion to the sideboard for some brawn—"

"It was game-pie. I saw the bones afterwards." Maurice spoke in the exact manner of a constable giving evidence in a case of exceeding the speed-limit. I was amazed at the general interest my gastronomical doings aroused.

"—Game-pie, then; polished off four scones—"

"Five," I interposed. An inventory, to be of any use, must be correct.

"Five scones, a rack of toast, half a pot of marmalade, and three cups of coffee. And he thinks that, after all that, he'll be able to shoot."

I brushed the crumbs from my waistcoat—white wool picked out with green spots—and stood up with that comfortable feeling of physical well-being that follows an ample yet judiciously arranged meal. I addressed Diana.

"Di, he *knows* he'll be able to shoot. But as, apparently, it's the correct thing to supply you with a synopsis of what passes in your absence, it's only fair to add that, when the head of your family was asked, just before you entered, whether the ladies were coming with the guns, he replied, 'Yes, worse luck.'"

Diana took a step forward.

"Jack, did you really say that?"

Andover's face assumed a thoroughly sheepish expression; Maurice whistled a bar of "Everybody's Doing It" in a spirit of

bravado; while Tufnell, with the astuteness of his tribe, slipped out of the room. I prepared to follow suit.

"Did you really say you didn't want us?"

Andover cleared his throat.

"What I meant was—"

He was still in process of explaining when I closed the breakfast-room door behind me.

"Come and encourage me!" I said to Maisie Marchmont as the shooting-party, reinforced by a couple of men from a neighbouring lodge, was making final preparations, in the midst of a crowd of keepers and ghillies, to leave the spot on the wild moorland road where the motors had deposited it, for the line of butts stretching away up the hillside.

"Shan't I make you nervous, Mr. Molyneux?"

"The only things that make me nervous are having a fresh waist-measurement taken by my tailor, and your addressing me as 'Mr. Molyneux,' although I've called you 'Maisie' for years."

"Very well, Frederick. Which is your butt?"

"Number five, counting from the right, and missing out the first two."

Maisie Marchmont—"a fine figure of a woman" in the conventional phrase—scanned the hill ahead of us.

"That speck on the sky-line must be it. You'll need all the encouragement I can give you if you're ever to reach it before the drive's over."

With a cold chill at my heart I hurried to where Andover was having a final colloquy with the head-keeper.

"I say, Jack, surely number five butt is the one nearest the roadway? Mrs. Marchmont's been talking nonsense about my having to climb to the top of that mountain. This is supposed to be a Perthshire grouse-drive, isn't it, not a goat-stalking expedition in the Himalayas? Maisie can't be right, can she?"

But she was, my only consolation being that I believe she suffered as much as I did on that half-mile ascent over stones and heather, ending in the sensational traverse of the boulder-strewn bed of a burn before number five was reached, and I could throw myself down against its peat walls and close my eyes.

"Haden't I better keep a look-out for birds?" asked Mrs. Marchmont, when she had recovered breath.

"And send them to Jericho with those macaw feathers of yours? No, thank you. I'm much more likely to have some sport if you'll hide yourself down here by me. There'll be heaps of time for me to stand up when the others start shooting."

With the same instant compliance with my expressed wishes that first won her my regard, Maisie settled herself down at my side.

"Where's your loader?" she asked of a sudden, and irretrievably shattered my beauty-sleep. It took me a few seconds to collect my thoughts.

"I told the fellow to make himself useful flanking, or something. One gun's as much as I can manage, let alone two. Besides, I couldn't talk as freely if he were close by listening."

"You forget, Frederick, you're here to shoot driven grouse, not to talk."

"I can perfectly well manage to combine the two," I said, with a dignity that rebuked the ill-timed suggestion. "A pithy comment on a topic of the day, then a brace of grouse; an epigram, followed by a hare or another bird—physical prowess alternating with intellectual. The curse"—Mrs. Marchmont gave a start of surprise—"of the present day is specialisation. The man of all-round accomplishments is extinct, and the person who can do one thing to perfection and, as regards everything else, is a gibbering idiot, reigns in his stead. 'There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the Navy of Charles the Second, but the gentlemen were not seamen and the seamen were not gentlemen.'"

"Seamen? Gentlemen? I don't understand." Mrs. Marchmont looked the picture of bewilderment.

"Merely a quotation from the works of Macaulay," I replied with airy indifference, "in illustration of my meaning. There are sportsmen and there are conversationalists in the England of George the Fifth, but the sportsmen are not—"

"What was that?" The lady clutched my arm as a black speck crossed the circle of sky overhead. "There goes another!"

All my scientific interest was aroused at the phenomenon.

"A sun-spot, most likely. It's just the time of year for the things. I remember long ago in Sweden—" A fusillade broke out all along the line of butts. "Confound those chaps making such a noise! One can't hear oneself speak."

[Continued overleaf.]

A SLICE OF ILL LUCK.

FOR SALE.



THE PATIENT: 'Ere, Nurse, I don't like my bread buttered on both sides.

THE NURSE: But it *isn't* buttered on both sides.

THE PATIENT: Then which side *is* buttered?

[DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.

"You'd better see what's happening," put in Maisie.

I scrambled up, and peered over the edge of the butt—to duck my head with all possible speed in order to avoid a brood of grouse flying straight at it. I sank back and mopped my forehead.

"Whew!" I gasped. "That was a narrow squeak. Lucky I wasn't trying to shoot, or one of those brutes would have caught me smack in the face, and knocked me clean out."

Maisie Marchmont was heartless enough to giggle.

"Don't you want to shoot?"

"Not if it involves concussion of the brain. What are they shouting about?" for loud cries of "Mark" interrupted me.

"Probably some more birds coming to you. Get up!"

Seizing my gun, I obeyed. Sure enough, a long string of grouse were making straight for the gap between my butt and that in which Tufnell's Tyrolean hat was a conspicuous object.

"Confound it!" I grumbled to Maisie, as I let off both barrels without effect. "The whole pack of 'em turned over like a lot of soup-plates just as I fired, or I'd have bagged a brace. Ten to one they spotted Tufnell's hat. That's the worst of coming out shooting with a fellow who gets himself up like a character in a comic opera."

The next moment, however, my good-humour reasserted itself, for a single bird, which no doubt thought itself mighty clever to follow in the wake of its family, sailed across, and, though Tufnell's shot rang out simultaneously with mine, there could be no question as to whose pellets added another bird to the bag. It was all the more annoying, therefore, that, as I was striding towards the spot where I had marked my trophy down, the politician's dog should seize it in its mouth and carry it off to its master.

"Hi, Tufnell!" I shouted, in hot pursuit. "That dog of yours has retrieved one of my birds."

"I don't think so," Tufnell made reply. "I had one down just there. You can see for yourself"—and he handed me a chart resembling one of those illuminated guides to the underground railway system they hang up outside Tube stations, and supposed to indicate, by its crosses radiating from a central circle, the head of game that had fallen to his gun.

I threw the thing down.

"I don't want this Treasure Island map of where the pirate's gold is buried; I want my grouse."

"It's still lying where it fell."

"No, your dog picked it up under my very nose."

"That was my bird Towser brought in."

"Do you claim everything your dog finds as yours, Tufnell? By the same reasoning, I suppose, if it retrieved a foundling from the moor, you'd acknowledge the child."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the Right Honourable gentleman, puffing out his cheeks.

"The logic isn't worthy of your reputation," I continued, surveying the pile of game he and Towser, between them, had accumulated. "Besides, you can spare me my one ewe lamb from this heap," and I picked it up.

"It'll throw my average all out," muttered the statesman, but, as it would have needed the strength of Samson to have wrested my prize from me, and Tufnell's warmest political admirer had never, to my knowledge, compared him to Samson, his annoyance went no further.

"Your average 'll be all right," I made soothing reply. "If Towser was my retriever I'd guarantee to break all existing records. You give that animal a roving commission and it'll do the rest. Where's the next drive, I wonder?" and I marched off, the proud possessor of a fine cock grouse. Bonnie Scotland for ever!

"I don't like the look of those clouds," said Andover, while we were at lunch in a shepherd's cottage.

"What's wrong with them?" I asked, scrutinising the point on the horizon his outstretched hand indicated. "Would you prefer them of a pinker shade, or does their outline too much suggest a caricature of some cherished personal friend?"

"They mean wet, or I'm much mistaken?"

Unfortunately, he wasn't mistaken, for during the first drive after lunch the wind dropped, the outlines of the hills became obscured by mist, and a soft rain began to fall. I passed most of the ensuing half-hour squatting under the shelter of my butt with my waterproof spread out round me like the feathers of a broody hen.

It was arranged that, on account of the rapidly gathering mist, the next drive should be the last, and, indeed, as Diana and myself made our way through and over the gullies and hillocks along which the butts were placed, the screen of vapour got denser and denser, till it became a question whether one could see to shoot at all. Anyhow, as my station was in a deep hollow on the extreme left, I was safe on one flank from being peppered by a phantom neighbour confused as to distance and direction by the uncanny atmospheric conditions. To stand in a desolate spot with banks of heather showing drearily through the rolling mist, and an unseen burn murmuring plaintively close at hand was a strange sensation. All the features and sounds of ordinary life were obliterated and engulfed in the white blanket that enveloped us. Indeed, we might have been sole survivors of the human race in a dead world, so remote did we feel, and, beyond a "Well done!" from Diana, when I brought

down a bird that took me completely unawares, so suddenly did it loom out of the mist, we remained on the *qui vive* in solemn silence.

"It seems a very long drive," whispered Diana, when, for ten minutes, nothing had happened.

"I vote we gather my bird and join the others," I proposed, and the enthusiasm with which the girl acquiesced told me that the sense of isolation was proving too much for her nerves. But, as one heather-tuft is very like another; and in the deceptive light we had miscalculated the place where the grouse had fallen, by the time we finally discovered it we had made so many circles, and tramped so far afield, that we had entirely lost all sense of direction.

"I don't even know where our butt is," said Diana, in a forlorn voice.

The damp had begun to work havoc with her coiffure, and, to add to her discomfort, she had put one foot into a peat-hole.

I took my bearings in the approved nautical fashion, threw up a piece of bog-cotton to ascertain the quarter from which what little wind there was, was coming, blew my nose, and led the Lester-Molyneux Exploration Co., Ltd., up a steep heather-face, and down into a valley that might have been in Tibet for all I knew to the contrary.

"That's funny. I made certain the next butt was about here."

"Now we're lost," wailed Diana; "and all through your fault. It was our own butt we ought to have made for."

"Of course I know where our own butt is. It's the other I'm anxious to find."

"Well, if you know that much, lead me back to it. Once we're there we can get our bearings right."

But apparently I didn't know even that much, for all I did was to take the pair of us into a regular swamp, in the middle of what seemed a boundless plain.

"By Jove!" I cried, "it's lucky we did lose the others after all. Don't you see that, while we've been wandering about, a huge convulsion of Nature has taken place—the mist acting on the sub-soil, is the correct scientific explanation—and all those gullies and things we crossed before the drive have been levelled down to this."—I waved my arm in a circle.—"The rest of the party must have been overwhelmed in the cataclysm, and while you've lost two brothers, I've seen the last of the serviceable double-barrelled gun I lent to Maurice when his own jammed—a hammerless single trigger, with ejector action, and, I regret to add, uninsured."

"Don't make yourself more ridiculous than you can help, Frederick," broke out my companion, with anger that outraged my sense of personal loss, "by going on in that nonsensical strain! It won't be your fault if we don't have to stop out all night in our sopping things, and die of cold. You've done your worst; now I'll see what I can do."

But if I, in Diana's ungenerous phrase, had "done my worst," she did her worse—the emergency justifies the coining of a new word to describe it accurately—for she led me at least two miles through the boggiest ground I'd ever met, till my feet were soaked, and a frog took up its permanent abode in the top of my right gaiter, where it croaked in time to the squelching of my boots. Then we scaled and descended—chiefly on our backs—such a succession of precipitous banks that I was fully convinced we must have struck a spur of Ben Nevis, tramped up hill and down dale for what seemed an hour until at last we found a road—the same road we had driven along that morning, as I discovered, with a shout of joy, from the motor-car tracks.

"Now which way?" I inquired, bedraggled, footsore, yet cheered by the sight of the macadam.

Without deigning an answer, my amazing guide started off towards the right, and sure enough, after a comparatively brief space, brought me to the cottage where we had lunched, and, more wonderful still, to a motor drawn up, evidently to await our arrival. In the kitchen, warming himself before the nicest fire I'd ever set eyes on, stood the Honourable Maurice Lester, smoking a huge pipe, and exchanging repartees with the shepherd and his wife, while half-a-dozen bairns watched admiringly from the shadows.

"Well, you're a nice couple," began the youth. "Here have I been waiting forty-five minutes for you to turn up, and on the point of organising a search-party. What on earth's happened to you?"

"Freddy lost his way," said his sister. She was seated in the shepherd's own particular chair wringing her skirts out.

"I like that," I replied, as I removed my frog with due regard for its susceptibilities, "when if it hadn't been for the despised Freddy, you'd never have come through that swamp alive."

Maurice blew an enormous cloud of smoke out of his nostrils, so that he looked the very image of old Nick himself.

"The least you can do as a gentleman, Molly, is to have the banns put up."

"The what?" I asked, pretending ignorance for Diana's sake. I had every intention of honouring the girl with a proposal, but that was not the occasion, nor Maurice quite the one to play the rôle of Cyrano de Bergerac.

"The banns put up—B—A—N—S—banns."

I smiled a subtle smile.

"The least you can do as a gentleman, Maurice, old chap, is to learn how to spell."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE RECONCILING INFLUENCE OF GOLF: MIXED POLITICS AND MIXED FOURSOMES.

Golf the Peacemaker.

man. See how you may wander about with it in your company all the time, for only a week ago I was doing my golf in Spain, since then I have done it in France, and now in England, and in a couple of days I may be on the links of Scotland. All this is not done in any way of eccentricity; I am but one of hundreds who are golfing at these same places all the time. What concerns me most on my return to our most excellent golfing England is a notice to which my attention is just drawn which seems very simple in its way, but embodies a great principle, and indicates a fine feature of the playing of golf, and shows one way in which it does the most splendid good. It is a simple little notice, and it states that the first annual match between the golf circles of the National Liberal and the Constitutional Clubs for possession of the Bleasby-Lawrance Cup will take place at Bramshot on the 25th of this current month of April, and there will be thirty players on each side, and the games will be played under handicap. This is interesting and important. The destinies of championships will not be affected; the committee of the Royal and Ancient Club may sleep restfully on the night before and the night after this match; and I shall continue to make my comments on the game and marvel at its wonders just as if nothing had happened concerning the golfers of Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall Place.

It Unites the Poles.

Bodies of members of these two clubs, as members, may meet each other for other special social delights, but I have never heard of them doing so. Odd members may go to see members of the opposition club on their own premises in the ordinary way of business; but it is not frequently done, and the visiting member generally has a creepy feeling all the time, and wipes his boots very carefully when he gets outside. But the golfers of the two clubs will enjoy themselves most famously. Do you think these people, when they get out on the links together, will talk about politics—the Home Rule Bill, the next Budget, the German menace, the Marconi affair, or any others of the argument - provoking kidney? Not they, indeed! It will be all questions of heads and grips, and ways of swinging, and the best balls; and the day will be all the better for it. I propose the toast of the health of the annual golf match between the most

popular Liberal and Unionist clubs in town. By this match an infinite number of possibilities are suggested—how people of wide differences in actions and thoughts may be brought together by the emperor of games when no other means are possible; for bear in mind that, taking the world all through, the people of importance mostly all play golf, and they play no other game, for they have been obliged to give up cricket, football, fives, and tennis long ago.

Mixed Foursomes.

But I do not think that men-cum-women golf will ever prosper. This matter comes into my mind now because of two or three circumstances that have arisen, chiefly referring to mixed foursomes, which somehow seem to be occupying more than usual attention at the present time. The mixed foursome is a splendid thing in its proper place—which is when golf is not taken as seriously as men generally do take it. Then it is excellent. For instance, the mixed foursome thrives exceedingly in the South of France in the winter time. Then the other day there was that remarkable match at Stoke Poges, in which a team of men played another team of men, and a team of ladies played another team of ladies, all this dry business being got done by lunch, after which each man paired with a lady, and the whole caboodle played mixed foursomes. That was quite a novel and original departure. And just now I read a vehement article in one of the newspapers in which a lady praises the mixed foursome to the skies. Three sentences have struck my attention. The fair advocate says that "Plus men have been seen playing with a girl who was merely a beginner, and in a single too." The men here are in the plural, and the girl is in the singular. What a nice girl she must have been! Then says the fair advocate. "Mixed foursomes are one of the best methods in which golf can be played"; and she says later, "It has long been owned that foursomes are an ideal method of enjoying the game." This latter remark has reference to ordinary

foursomes, and not the mixed variety. I shall think over these matters, but fear I cannot bring myself to agreement with the final dictum. More nonsense is talked about the ordinary foursome than anything else connected with this game; it is supposed to do you good morally, and make you a much better man than if you played singles. It may be so; but then, for my part, I will remain bad, for I would rather go to sleep or work any time than play an ordinary foursome when I felt that there was any golf in me at all.

HENRY LEACH.



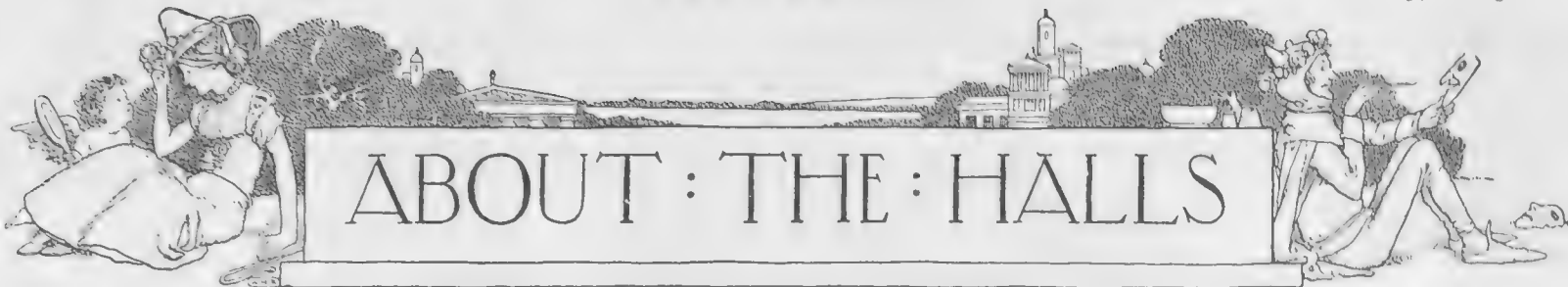
MAKER OF A NEW RECORD FOR THE ALTERED SUNNINGDALE COURSE: JACK WHITE, WHO WENT ROUND IN 68 THE OTHER DAY.

Jack White, who is professional at Sunningdale, won the Open Championship in 1904, and has many other feats to his credit. He was born at Pefferside, North Berwick, in 1873. He did his inward half in 31, which beat Harry Vardon's record of 33. Photograph by Sport and General.



ON THE COURSE ON WHICH THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL INTER-UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH TOOK PLACE, AND ENDED IN A TIE: THE CLUB-HOUSE AT HOYLAKES.

Of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club's course, Mr. J. L. Low wrote: "as far as my experience goes, Hoylake is the best test of golf in England. . . . The holes at Hoylake are not, perhaps, too pleasing to the eye, but the pith of them comes in the playing. The course is laid out, more or less, for the prevalent north-west wind."—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



A LANCASHIRE LAD, A MILITARY INVASION, AND TEDDY PAYNE.

AMONGST the comedians who can boast of a firmly established position in the goodwill of music-hall audiences is George Formby, who has returned to the Tivoli, where he made, I think, his first London appearance. Scotch and Irish jesters we possess galore, but George Formby deals solely in the dialect of Lancashire, a curiously drawling and sing-song form of the language. His specialty is complete idiocy, and his songs almost without exception depict the same type, the type of would-be "sport," whose ambition is to be "one of the boys," but who only makes himself the mock of his associates. In this character he is supremely successful. In a quaint, cracked voice he tells of the pranks played upon him by his sportive associates, but after each recital he good-naturedly confesses that "they're all good lads." In spite of his obvious inability to fill the social position at which he aims, he is thoroughly pleased with himself and smiles a smile that is redolent of unmitigated self-satisfaction. One of his great assets is his pair of feet. These implements are encased in boots of the most unwieldy order, and his attempts to execute a lively dance always result in failure and usually threaten his downfall. All this set down in cold black and white does not sound vastly entertaining, but as a matter of fact, George Formby's entry is invariably a signal for applause, and he never fails to keep the people in front in a continual tinkle of laughter. They like his Lancashire accent and his unharmonious voice, and they like his awkward attempts to be breezy. They like the collection of "fags," or cigarette-ends, which he boastfully produces from his trousers-pocket as proof positive that he is a person of sporting proclivities, and altogether George Formby may justly claim that he is one of the select number who can always manage to make Londoners laugh.

A Couple of Captains.

There is no telling where the music-halls mean to stop. The

temptations they offer have been too much for almost all the shining lights of the legitimate stage, and even Princesses have, at times, yielded to their allurements. Science itself has been called into requisition, and the world is ransacked to provide the infinite variety that is required. But hitherto the

at private performances, and who are now vouchsafing to the outer world a taste of their quality, and it must be acknowledged that the experiment was worth making. Captain Wood is an excellent pianist, and Captain Green is the possessor of a voice of a highly agreeable quality, so their turn is, in consequence, thoroughly acceptable. Captain Wood sings to his own accompaniment a song in which he makes gentle fun of the Territorial Army, taking pains to explain, by way of prelude, that he means no offence to a patriotic body of men. Captain Green next obliges with a sentimental ballad to which he does every justice, and then sings Tosti's "Good-bye," to which his brother officer,



THE PRINCE'S JULIET: MISS LILIAN HALLOWES.

Photograph by Bassano.



JUSTLY FAMED AS A HARPIST: MISS MIRIAM TIMOTHY.

Miss Timothy, who is, deservedly, very well known and much appreciated as a harpist, gave a successful recital at Bechstein's the other evening.

in deference to the prevailing taste of the moment, supplies an accompaniment of the approved rag-time order. It is plain from the general applause which ensues that the house is well pleased with the entertainment, and the success achieved by the British Army will perhaps stimulate the Navy to similar enterprise. A duet between Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott would draw all London.

Fun and Frolic. Mr. George Gros-Smith's engagements have cut short his visit to the Palace, but "Teddy Payne" still remains to cheer up that discriminating house. Bereft of his elongated colleague, the diminutive fun-maker has succeeded in extracting from Mr. Michael Morton

a sketch entitled, "What a Game!" which is designed for the purpose of displaying his own peculiar powers of providing amusement. Mr. Morton has been inspired by the newspaper story of the uninvited guest who was recently detected at a smart party in the West End of London, and "Teddy" Payne is made to represent a small barber who puts on dress-clothes at night and insinuates himself into the assemblages of the *haut monde*. On this occasion, after some love-passages with a parlour-maid, he enters the mansion of a lady who is aggrieved by her husband insisting on spending his evening at the club, and after much diverting conversation he and she attire themselves for a classical dance, in the middle of which the husband, of course, returns. This naturally gives the old Gaiety favourite scope for his talents, and he takes full advantage of the opportunity. The piece goes with a swing and the fun is never allowed to flag. Given a situation in which he is placed in a position of difficulty and perplexity, "Teddy" Payne may always be relied upon to be diverting, and here he is completely at home and succeeds in the eminently laudable object of keeping the house in a roar. The company he has collected help him in every way to maintain the merriness and brightness of the piece, and, in especial, Miss Dollis Brooke gives a performance full of archness and animation.

ROVER.



OVER HERE FOR "COME OVER HERE": MISS GRACE WASHBURN.

Miss Washburn is to make her London debut in "Come Over Here," the new revue with which the London Opera House is to be reopened. She has a considerable reputation as a dancer, and will appear, with M. Kosloff, as première danseuse.—[Photograph by Bangs.]

British Army has not been called upon to do its share in the great work of entertaining the public. It is not surprising that this should be so, for the Army is hardly the first place to which one would look for recruits for the music-hall stage. But the tentacles are far-reaching, and the Coliseum has actually enlisted two real live captains in the British Army into its service. Captain Wood (who is a son of Sir Evelyn Wood, the gallant Field-Marshal) and Captain Green are two warriors who achieved success



A MOTORIST'S BUDGET: A CURE FOR BODY-CREAKS: TRAMS v. 'BUSES: A TOO ORACULAR DELPHIAN.

A Carefu' Mon! The probable annual cost of running a car is one that, amongst others, always presents itself to the man of moderate means contemplating the purchase of a motor-car for the first time. For lack of careful book-keeping, the majority of estimates are unreliable, for in some cases it is obvious to the experienced mind that the cost per mile is too high, and in others too low. Of course, the cost per mile run is the only reasonable and reliable method of computation. I have seen these rates range from three-halfpence to ninepence and a shilling, but have always found that, apart from any allowance for depreciation, in the case of a medium-powered car economically driven, something from twopence to threepence per mile should cover the amount expended. In this view I am borne out by some figures furnished to the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, Ltd., by an owner of one of their 14-20-h.p. cars, Captain Ian Forbes, who resides, and presumably very largely uses his car, north of the Tweed. He gives mileages and figures ranging over four years—1909-12 inclusive—which are so interesting and reassuring that I am fain to quote from them.

An Economical Car.

Space precludes my giving the items for each year, but it will suffice if I give the average for each item. The average total mileage for the four years was 6736 miles; the petrol consumed, 332 gallons, giving a gallon-mileage throughout of 20·3 miles per gallon. Petrol cost £19 19s., and lubricating oil £2 1s. 6d.; tyres ran to £25 4s. 4d., and licenses and insurance £16 os. 5d.; repairs, garage, etc., totalled £6 os. 8d. Taking the total average cost of the four years, we get an average cost per mile of about 2·4d. It is interesting to note that, with a total mileage in 1909 of 5713 miles, the miles per gallon stood at 18·7, while the cost per mile was 1·5d. In 1910, 6724 miles were travelled at a consumption of 21·8 miles per gallon, and a cost of 3d. per mile. The year following showed 7118 miles, consumption 20·5 miles per gallon, and cost 2·8d. per mile. Last year the mileage rose to 7390, the consumption was 20 miles per gallon, and the cost 2·5d. The maximum running cost which occurred in the second year was due very largely to the expenditure of £38 5s. 1d. for tyres, in the face of £6 11s. for the year preceding. If these figures show nothing else, they certainly point to the wonderful economy of the Wolseley car.

No More Body-Squeaks.

My late note on body-noises and the means that might be taken for their prevention, albeit the problem is a very difficult one, has provoked a letter from a *Sketch* reader as far abroad as Biarritz. My

correspondent is of opinion that as soon as a certain process of wood-seasoning of which he speaks comes into vogue in this country, objectionable squeaks and groans will assuredly cease. This system of seasoning and preserving wood has been in use for some years in Australia, but is not yet known, or is very little known, in this country. It is claimed not only to render all kinds of wood unshrinkable, but practically non-absorbent and almost non-inflammable. Furthermore, the timber so treated is said to be considerably strengthened, and will give a fine finished surface with half the amount of labour, paint, and varnish. But the great value of the process would appear to be the fact that green wood can be turned out ready for use in a few days. If all this be so, it is great news for the body-makers on the one hand, and for motorists on the other.



SET UP IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAST WRITTEN WISHES OF THE AIRMAN, WHO WAS KILLED AT RICHMOND IN FEBRUARY 1912: A SLAB BEARING A MODEL OF A MONOPLANE, JUST PLACED OVER THE GRAVE OF GRAHAM GILMOUR.

Photograph by Topical.

held by no other use, of London's streets and highways. One has only to imagine the tram-lines being torn up, say, in "Brentford's long, unlovely street," and such traffic as is carried in Mr. Fell's beloved monstrosities transported in the flexible motor-'buses instead, to realise the soundness or otherwise of Mr. Fell's extraordinary assertion.

A Salutory Example.

Little by little the irresponsible motor-phobist section of the public—and that section is still too numerous for comfort—are learning, by lessons in the courts, that offences against the motorist are, at times—more frequently now, be it said, than heretofore—visited with condign punishment by magisterial tribunals, even when such tribunals are known to be severe in the matter of trifling and harmless infractions of a certain ill-drawn Act. This, by the praise-worthy action of that active and virile body, the A.A., has been brought right home to a certain dweller in Delph (sounds Scriptural, doesn't it?), who, apparently out of sheer cussedness and car-hate, stove in the back-panel of a passing car with the business end of a knobby stick. The car-owner just happened to be a man who refused to take this kind of thing lying down, and through the agency of the A.A., a summons was taken out against this Delphian, under Section 2 of the Malicious Damage Act. Result: Delphian (not the Oracle) fined £1 and costs.

[Continued on a later page.]



IN HER CAR: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF VISCOUNT ESHER—FORMERLY MISS ZENA DARE.

It will be recalled that the Hon. Maurice Brett, younger son of Viscount Esher, married Miss Florence Harriette Zena Dones—Miss Zena Dare, the well-known actress in musical comedies, and sister of Miss Phyllis Dare—in January of 1911. Mrs. Brett's daughter, Angela, was born in October 1911. Mr. Brett was formerly a Captain in the Coldstreams, and was A.D.C. to the Inspector-General of the Forces from 1904 to 1912. He is a Captain in the 6th Battalion Black Watch, Secretary to the Garton Foundation, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Victorian Order.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



THE statement that the new American Ambassador will live in South Kensington is obviously premature, and in the event will probably prove considerably wide of the mark. Why not say Maida Vale and have done with it—or consign him to Hampstead, on the score of his last American address in the Garden City, New York? Mr. Page is not a poor man, and he knows London well enough to find his way to a suitable mansion. But it is true that he has a noted namesake in the States whose first appellation may be indirectly responsible for the new Ambassador's banishment down the Brompton Road. Dr. Hidden Page is, as it happens, not a relative.

Ambassadorial Whereabouts.

A suburban Ambassador would, obviously, be a public nuisance; he must keep within range of the official caller. But there are regions of the town as yet unexplored for Embas-

ENGAGED TO MR. HOME PEEL; THE HON. MARY GWENDOLEN EMMOTT.

Miss Emmott is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Emmott, of Ennismore Gardens. Mr. Peel is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peel, of Fairview, Sunninghill, Ascot.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

sies which are quite fit for an experiment. A moderate aloofness, such as Mr. Pierpont Morgan affected, is not without its own dignity, and the dead financier's house in Prince's Gate suggests an opening. If, without entering the expensive neighbourhood of the French Embassy, Mr. Page could secure a view of the Park, he would be doing well. Any one of the houses—south, east, or north—overlooking the trees, offers a certain sense of space and state proper to his station. Of the old American headquarters nearer in, none is now available, Dorchester House being in its owner's hands, and Arlington Street in those of Mr. Selfridge, while the Carlton House Terrace of John Hay's day is equally engaged.

A Tilney Street Dance.

The prospect of Lady Manvers' dance on June 2 is welcomed by the many friends of a popular family, and within the Tilney Street circle itself there is a wide range of appreciation. While his daughters make their preparations, Lord Manvers is at any rate indulgent. He knows more about

running a pack of hounds than Turkey-Trotting, and there is nothing he enjoys so much in connection with a dance as the next morning's ride, when he can forget the rhythm of the Strauss waltzes and the taste of lemonade. An enthusiastic rider to hounds, he it was who persuaded the late King of Portugal to take, with very fair success, his seat in the saddle for a morning across country. Perhaps on June 2 he will himself be prevailed upon to join in an unaccustomed exercise.

Of all modern hostesses, Lady Sefton is the prime sports-woman. She has bagged a lion in Abyssinia, and winners at Liverpool;

she has taken an active interest in coursing and courses. In every way her guests at Croxteth for the Liverpool week were happy, both at her table and at the races. Although Abbeystead is the place most honoured by the King, Croxteth has many advantages, and sets off the Turf against the game-moors of the more romantic seat. If Mr. Lloyd George ever obliges Lord Sefton to relinquish one or the other, it would be a case of tossing up before he decided which should go to the American millionaire or wealthy Liberal in waiting.

Bridesmaids' Gowns and Window-Dressing.

For the next few days several families will be overwhelmed in a full tide of pleasant affairs. Cecils and Gores meet at the Abbey on the 12th, and meanwhile the air is charged with small talk of bridesmaids (who include a sister, a cousin, and a half-aunt) and wedding-presents. These last arrived in such profusion that the problem of arranging the pile for the reception with some sort of art grew more portentous with every post, and Lady Beatrice, who undertook to solve it, has earned the homely title of "window-dresser" for her pains. After the 12th, the no less interesting event of the 17th, when Miss Diana Lister marries Mr. Percy Wyndham, takes the attention, so that Lady Mary Dawson has a short respite from the consequences (in the form of multitudinous correspondence) of the announcement of her engagement.

Lady Mary and the Major. To the Queen, and to the many branches of two very distinguished families, the said news of Lady Mary Dawson's engagement to Major the Hon. George Crichton gives great pleasure. Both Lady Mary and Mr. Crichton are well known at Court. As a Coronation train-bearer Lady Mary made an easy and a graceful public appearance, but Mr. Crichton's services are performed in the obscure and difficult retirement of the Lord Chamberlain's office. As far as the public, and even his own friends, are concerned, there exists a certain doubt as to the duties of the Department, but he is vaguely held

responsible for all and any misfortunes, from the loss of a bangle at a drawing-room to the censoring of a stage play. Fortunately, he himself has a more precise understanding of the scope of his responsibilities. His sister-in-law is Viscountess Crichton, whose accident in the hunting-field three years ago was at one time, and happily without good enough reason, thought to be more severe than the human frame could endure and survive. Now the family can attend a wedding, or make one, with a light heart.



THE YES-OR-NO MAN WHO IS THE NEW HEAD OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN BUSINESS: MR. J. P. MORGAN.

Mr. Morgan is forty-six, six-foot-two in his stockings, and bears a strong resemblance to his father. He is called the "Yes-or-no man," from the promptness of his decisions.—(Photograph by Record Press.)



ENGAGED TO MISS M. KERR; MR. B. WHITE.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MR. B. WHITE; MISS M. KERR.

Miss Kerr is the daughter of Mr. F. Kerr, of South Kensington. Mr. B. White, who is a barrister-at-law, is the son of Mr. Richard White, well known as Master of the Supreme Court.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS WILFRED GORE-LANGTON, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS; MISS MARY DORIS ARCHDALE.

Miss Archdale is the third daughter of Colonel Mervyn Archdale, late of the 12th Royal Lancers. Mr. Gore-Langton is the eldest son of Mr. W. F. Gore-Langton, of Paddbury Lodge, Buckingham.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MR. H. A. BRUEN; MISS GLADYS MCCLINTOCK.

Miss McClintock is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McClintock, of Rathvinden, co. Carlow. Mr. Bruen, of the 15th (the King's) Hussars, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bruen, of Oak Park, Carlow.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Can the English Converse?

There would seem to be a fixed idea among foreigners, and even in America, that English men and women have not acquired, and cannot acquire, the polite art of conversation. This view, however, is chiefly held by persons who have never been here, who have never dined out in London, and are quite unfamiliar with those country-house parties which are perhaps the most engaging feature of English life. For no one who has lived in Paris or New York, and has compared the dinner-table talk of those towns with that of London, can fail to see that we hold our own nowadays with the most entertaining alien. Indeed, I venture to think that the Englishman, at his best—especially when he has a dash of Irish or Welsh blood in him—makes an incomparable partner at the dinner-table. To begin with, the cultivated Englishman is always a much-travelled person; he knows not only his own world, but a good many others beside; he has a dry humour which is his especial property, and that essential refinement which enables him to touch on nearly all topics without offence. When you add an amazing sanity of outlook, an absence of *bourgeois* prejudices, and a kindness which is purely of these islands, it is obvious that the Englishman with a turn for conversation is easily first. The fault of the Frenchman is that he sets out chiefly to sparkle—that he is apt, like a woman, to generalise; while the American, though racially eloquent, is too much inclined to lengthy and facetious anecdote, while his jokes are not always entirely new. On the whole, then, I think the English can not only hold their own nowadays in conversation, but, at their best, are incomparable.

Merry or Morose. Mr. Arnold Bennett—who, having lived for many years in Paris, sees England with fresh eyes—has recently declared in the *English Review* that “the general expression on the faces of Londoners of all ranks varies from the sad to the morose,” and that “their general mien is one of haste and gloomy pre-occupation.” Tut, tut! Have our sturdy islanders, bred on beef and beer, turned into such sinister phantoms? It appears, however, that the amateur census of “expressions” was taken at the corner of London Bridge from the faces of pedestrians. No wonder their countenances betokened anxiety and gloomy pre-occupation. I know strong and resolute men who, rather than cross the Strand on foot, take the “Tube” to the Embankment, and come up bright and debonair the other side. It is difficult to keep a countenance wreathed in smiles when tackling the traffic of modern London. But it would be absurd to maintain that our young men and girls look morose or preoccupied. I believe them to be the most light-hearted young people in the world, especially those of the middle and upper-middle class. Is the average undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge a person of gloomy mien? Are the girls who ski and skate, fence and climb, hunt and play hockey, morose in their

expression? The fault of the younger generation is on the other side—that they do not take life seriously enough, and are rather too apt to think exclusively about having a good time. “After me, the Deluge,” said one of France’s many Louis, and this attitude is often too gaily assumed by the delightful, cynical, sporting young things of both sexes by whose company we are cheered in the year 1913.

The Doubtful Joys of the Season.

I fancy that only tradesmen and *débutantes* look forward with anything like enthusiasm to that London Season which rages furiously from the last days of April to the end of July. I think it is the

fixtures and functions which make it wearisome to those who have undergone its fatigues and futilities for years past. If Goodwood could only be in jocund June; if the “best balls” could be given while March winds were cool instead of in torrid July; if only Henley preceded Ascot, and if the Grand Opera season took place when people had time and leisure to enjoy it, why, still, we might put up with the Season. As it is, we are the only people on the globe who deliberately spend the long days in an arid town, and go away just when the beauty of the summer is waning.

Neuter Costumes.

Are we on the eve of a revolution in dress? No less a personage than M. Léon Bakst—who has recently “commenced milliner”—declares that we are actually marching towards the fusion of the masculine and feminine costume. Can this be true? And if the revolution comes, will our menkind, like the Asiatic, assume skirts and sweeping coats, or will the European and American woman, and eke the Australasian, take to the unbeautiful but neat and practical trouser? Perhaps M. Bakst will invent some kind of neuter costume which will meet all the exigencies of ease, comfort, and sport which both young men and maidens require in their dress to-day. Already the harem-skirt, which we thought scotched by ridicule two years ago, is again rearing its head, for a visit to any big dress-maker in the Rue de la Paix or



L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UNE PARISIENNE: SOME NEW AFTERNOON DRESSES.

From left to right: the skirt on Fig. 1 is made of moiré, crossed and draped in front, worn with a short coat in cement-coloured cloth, the collar and cuffs of black velvet. Fig. 2 is a gown of mole-silk cloth, with a tunic and scarf of black soft satin. Fig. 3 shows a black satin skirt, the pleated tunic falling into a point at the back, and a short coat of red cloth opening over a waistcoat of black mousseline-de-soie. Fig. 4 is an ivory-coloured costume of cachemire-de-soie, the jacket edged round with ostrich-feather trimming.

Hanover Square will reveal the disquieting fact that the new draped skirts look like first-cousins to Turkish trousers. The Jewish ladies of Tunis wear a curious dress consisting of a very short, stiff skirt, merely the length of a tunic, with tight silk trousers of emerald green emerging therefrom and reaching to the ankles. I do not know a more startling form of attire in which to walk the streets unabashed, yet possibly some such costume is already preparing itself in the brains of those who ordain what we shall wear. This combination of the masculine and feminine has been tried before, and notably among the religious and socialistic communities of America during the last century, but they were so frankly hideous that American women, who are born good dressers, rebelled, and they were suppressed. Perhaps the whirligig of Time will bring back the neuter costume.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 23.

THE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY.

A PART from the effects of the floods in the Dayton district—which even now are difficult to estimate—we are inclined to think that the position in American Rails has been thoroughly liquidated, and that any pronounced movement which may take place will be in an upward direction.

Although no dividends have been paid since 1907 upon the First Preferred stock of the Erie Railroad Company, this stock seems to offer considerable attraction as a lock-up at the present low quotation of 47. The lowest price touched last year was 49½, and the highest 59½.

During 1911-12, when earnings were seriously affected by the anthracite coal strike, this Company reported a total income, including surplus earnings of subsidiary companies, of 19,718,000 dols.; interest, rentals, etc., absorbed 15,352,000 dols., leaving 4,366,000 dols., or over 9 per cent. on the amount of First Preferred stock outstanding.

The Company has had many vicissitudes, but during the last ten years an average of over a million sterling per annum has been spent upon improvements, and the double-track road from New York to Chicago, which will shortly be completed, will be a great advantage. Current traffics are good, and show a net increase for the seven months to January of 889,000 dols.

According to President Underwood, it is the board's intention to spend some 20,000,000 dols. on improvements during the current and next two years, half of which will come out of revenue. He estimates that this will ensure an additional net revenue of 5,000,000 dols. per annum. As rather less than 2,000,000 dols. is required to pay the full 4 per cent. on the First Preferred stock, it is difficult to see how a resumption of dividends on this stock can be very long delayed—at any rate, after the end of 1915—and we therefore think that purchasers at the present time are likely to see a handsome profit within the next two or three years.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO COMPANY.

The first report of the Argentine Tobacco Company, which appeared the other day, reveals results very much below the prospectus estimate. The Company was floated in November 1911 by Messrs. Emile Erlanger and Co., and it was hoped that the profits would suffice to give the Preference shares 10 per cent. and the Ordinary 14 per cent.

The report states that gross profits amounted to £410,300, which is reduced by certain charges to £222,600. After charging Debenture interest, directors' fees, etc., and making provision for Debenture redemption, there remains a divisible profit of £84,200. The Preference and Ordinary both get 6 per cent., and about £3000 is carried forward.

No doubt further details will be forthcoming at the meeting, but we believe it will be found that competition has been very severe—particularly from one source—and that this is the cause of the rather disappointing results.

The directors now propose to utilise the £93,000, which was expected to go to a fund for redemption of Debentures, in strengthening the balance-sheet; preliminary expenses get £26,700; special advertising, £25,000, and so on. Practically all of it goes back into the business, and altogether it looks as though the board are not feeling too happy, and have had to strain everything to make as good a showing as they do.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO 5 PER CENT. MORTGAGE BONDS.

We have many times referred to these Bonds in our "City Notes." The exact position, so far as we can learn it, is as follows: To pay the coupon and sinking-fund on the Prior Lien Bonds, £22,000 is required each half-year; while to pay a coupon on the 5 per cent. Mortgage Bonds takes £56,200—in other words, to satisfy the service of the debt, £78,200 is required each half-year.

There are no arrears upon the Prior Liens, but there are five unpaid coupons on the 5 per cent. Bonds.

Since Jan. 1, remittances have been made amounting to £68,090 for the service of the debt, and, allowing for the necessary amount to pay the July coupon and sinking-fund on the Prior Liens, there is just £10,000 short of enough in the hands of the bankers here, or in course of transit, to pay a coupon on the 5 per cent. Bonds, while private advices state that a further £8000 is available to be handed over by the Government. This means that a coupon will be paid this month or early in May, and should the remittances be maintained at the present level, there is every reason to believe that a further coupon will be paid in September or October, as in a couple of months the January service of the Prior Liens should be provided for, and all further money be available for the 5 per cent. Bondholders.

Several schemes have been put forward for the settlement of the arrears on the 5 per cent. Bonds, but the endeavours of the American

portion of the holders to obtain better terms than those offered have hitherto prevented anything being effected. As we stated when last we referred to these Bonds, the Government of Ecuador have put forward a suggestion for the payment of the arrears in short-term Bonds carrying 4 or 5 per cent. interest, and redeemable at the rate of £40,000 a year; but the American holders, hoping to obtain better terms, have not yet approved, and Mr. Norton, the chairman of the line, is in Ecuador, carrying on the negotiations.

In any event, the arrears are pretty sure to be settled by some form of bond, which will have a market value of between 70 and 80 per cent., so that purchasers of the 5 per cent. Bonds at the present price of, say, 63 will, with a little patience, get a bonus of something like £9 and a speculative investment yielding (if the value of the arrears is subtracted) 9 per cent., to say nothing of the improvement in their position likely to accrue on the opening of the Panama Canal.

THE GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

The Report of this Railway for the second half of 1912 disclosed nothing very startling, but confirms the view we have often expressed, that the improvement in the position is likely to be very rapid during the next two years. The gross receipts for the period amounted to £4,612,800, an increase of £477,000; while working expenses totalled £3,334,700, an increase of £233,800. The ratio of expenses to receipts thus shows a reduction from 75·21 to 72·29 per cent., which is distinctly satisfactory.

After deducting the deficits incurred by subsidiaries, such as the Canada Atlantic Company, all rents, fixed interest charges, etc., there remained £573,300, which enabled the directors to declare the dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Third Preference stock, and to carry forward £12,800.

Details are given of the progress made in the Grand Trunk Pacific system. The rails have been laid for 195 miles eastward from Prince Rupert, and 112½ miles westward from Winnipeg, leaving 430 miles still under construction, which it is hoped to have completed by the end of next year.

Although the net increase for February was not up to the market's expectations, the figures to date are excellent, total gross receipts since Jan. 1 showing an increase of £314,600. We have little doubt that, unless anything unforeseen occurs, the Third Preference will receive their full 4 per cent. for 1913.

STATE OF SAN PAULO NEW LOAN.

Those of our readers who are looking for an investment to return them a yield of 5 per cent. or slightly over, and as near absolute security as can be obtained with such a rate of interest, had better keep their money at their bankers for a week or two, and take the opportunity of the coming issue of the State of San Paulo (which is to be brought out through Messrs. J. Henry Schroder and Co. in the course of this month) to make their investment.

If they will ask their brokers to send them an early prospectus, they may be able to obtain allotments without having to pay any brokerage or other charges, which is always a consideration.

The loan will be for £7,500,000, with a currency of ten years; but, unfortunately, subject to earlier redemption at the option of the State at par, and will be secured (1) by the revenues of the State of San Paulo, (2) by the hypothecation of the 2½ francs per bag surtax paid on the export of coffee, (3) by the hypothecation of 3,200,000 bags of coffee belonging to the State warehoused in Europe, and of the estimated value of £10,000,000.

The exact price of issue has not been settled, but will not be below £97 for every £100 Bond, so that, while the loan is for a comparatively short time, there will not only be no loss, but some profit, on the redemption.

In all probability there will be a rush for the issue, but if our readers take the precaution of getting an early prospectus from their brokers, or even make use of the forms which will appear in the newspapers, it is not unlikely that they will obtain fair allotments.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

A smile stole over the face of the senior partner as he read the last issue of the *Stockbroker*. "Have you seen the advertisement of the new firm of outside brokers?" he asked.

"I thought they didn't accept financial ads.," demurred the clerk.

"They've broken their rule this week, anyhow," replied the senior partner. "Listen to this: 'Messrs. George, Isaac, and Murray, Parliamentary Stockbrokers,'" and he read it all out down to the telegraphic address, "Quibbling, London."

Everybody was chuckling when he'd finished, and even the still-more-senior partner had stopped to listen.

"Whew!" he said. "I call that clever. It's a bit hot, though, isn't it?"

"Dieppe is much the same, isn't it?" asked the clerk. "We're longing to hear some details of your trip."

The still-more-senior partner scorned to reply to this, but borrowed the *Stockbroker* to show his friends, and whistled his way to the door, where he cannoned into Harry.

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Who's Who Under the Hat.

Modern millinery gives us some of the excitement of a masked ball without any of the trouble. I met a man the other day who was very wrathful because he had been flirting with his own sister and knew he had supplied her with blackmail in chaff for months to come.



WITH HER CHAMPION TOY SPANIEL: MRS. AXE, WITH BIVLIN BEAUTY, AT THE MANCHESTER DOG SHOW.

He said she must go home for lunch. He said he would see her so far. Arriving at the door of his paternal mansion, he said, "You are lunching with my people? That's top-hole! I'll lunch with them too." A peal of laughter hastened the dénouement. My young friend told a brother-officer about it; the only comment was: "George! Lucky you aren't married, young chap, and that it was your sister. What a horrid possibility! I must warn my wife off those hats."

The Keynote. The keynote of a really successful, stylish, and very up-to-date costume is struck in the shoes. These are, nowadays, so very visible that they literally hit the eye. A beautiful pair of shoes starts the impression correctly, while shoes that are not quite the thing ruin the effect of the most carefully thought-out ensemble.



AN INTERESTING COMPETITOR IN THE RECENT DOG SHOW AT MANCHESTER: MRS. CECIL CLARE WITH WALPOLE WAGTAIL.

flap tongues, very smart and dainty, cost 28s. a pair; the same design can also be had in French glacé kid. More dressy shoes are in finest patent calf, French glacé kid, real Russia calf, and champagne, white, or greysuède. These are beautiful in line and shape, and have high heels, high flaps, and gilt and paste deep narrow

He saw a very pretty, dainty little girl walking delicately along the sunny side of Piccadilly. Shiny shoes, figure like a stall-fed knitting-needle—as the manner of the day is—a small hat like a brown pudding-basin turned down over the face, a veil of some thickness and curious design, a fur boa, and a great big muff. The neat little head gave him a nod, and the glint of a pair of bright eyes attracted him, so he asked leave to turn and walk back with the owner of these fascinations. He obtained it, and the walk was extended into the Park. The girl talked little, and in a curious voice. At last she



RUSSIAN GRACES AT MANCHESTER: MRS. A. A. VLASTO, WITH HER BORZOIS, ACE OF ADDLESTONE, MYRTLE OF ADDLESTONE, AND RAINBOW OF ADDLESTONE.

The annual show of the Manchester Dog Show Society opened there on April 2. The photographs on this page are of various interesting competitors. Borzois, or Russian wolfhounds, hunt in couples, one attacking the wolf on each side, and holding it till the huntsman arrives. The first pair of Borzois seen in England were those given by the Tsar to King Edward in 1870.

Photographs by Topical.

Almost every woman has been in the handsome, spacious, and luxuriantly appointed premises of the London Shoe Company at 116, New Bond Street, and at 21-22, Sloane Street, to say nothing of the Company's great headquarters of footwear in Queen Victoria Street. A point where their clients score greatly is that the firm design their own shoes, and the wearers can rely on exclusiveness. There are four new models for the season which are really refined, elegant, and of the best style. Patent-leather brogue shoes with broad buckles and high

buckles which are very tasteful and handsome. They are 25s. a pair. Very neat and pretty shoes can be had for 6s. 9d. a pair.

Where are the Furs of Yesteryear?

Where they are, if their owners are wise, is in cold storage as soon as ever the temperature warrants their being parted with. Many tears have been shed when valuable furs have been taken out in the autumn and it has been discovered that moth has invaded the wardrobe. Women are now wiser in this respect, for Révillon Frères, Regent Street, have just opened a large new warehouse specially equipped with the most modern cold-storage plant in order to meet the increased demands for keeping ladies' furs safely during the summer against every risk of moth, fire, or burglary.

For the Springtime.

Once again Scotts, 1, Old Bond Street, have issued a very dainty illustrated booklet showing their model hats for spring. Each model is named and described, so that clients not living in town find it a reliable way to order, the approximate price being given also. The brochure is well worth having, as it gives an excellent



LITERATURE AND RANK: PRINCESS TOUSSOUN TALKING TO THE EDITOR OF "OUR DOGS" AT THE MANCHESTER DOG SHOW.

synopsis of really ladylike and good-form styles of head-gear for the season.

Cost and Effect. A lady who has a very large income became very excited when told the price of a model gown she admired. "What on earth for?" asked she. "Why, I could put the whole thing in my muff—just rags thrown together! What is it that we are asked to pay such preposterous prices for?" "For effect, Madam," was the quiet but firm answer. "My maid could get the same effect at half the price." "I hardly think so, Madam. The materials have been specially woven, the colours specially dyed, the embroideries specially made, and all has been put together by a great artist in dress." "I suppose there is something in what you say; all the same, the price is scandalous, but I suppose I

have to pay it." "Thank you, Madam; you have a beautiful dress." This dialogue actually occurred in my hearing; there are dozens of versions of it in a smart modiste's every day. Certainly the cost of dress does lie in effect, and certainly successful effect is very costly.

Messrs. Harrod's, Ltd., of Brompton Road, announce that on April 15 and following days they will hold a "Grand Season's Exhibit of Fashion," and they will adopt the custom of leading Paris houses of offering in each Fashion Department certain models at a much-reduced rate, in order to afford a special opportunity to those ladies who appreciate the satisfaction of being attired in the latest phase of fashion from the commencement of the season. The number of such models is strictly limited, and they cannot be purchased after the Exhibition, nor by post.



WINNER OF A SPECIAL CHALLENGE PRIZE: MRS. EDGAR WATERLOW, WITH HER CHAMPION BULLDOG, CH. NUTHURST LAD.

Continued from page 30.

"I've just bought myself some Hausas," announced the latter.
"Still keen on Nigerians, Harry?" said the senior partner, rather sadly.

"I hear Edmund Davis has bought 10,000 shares, and Balfour has been up to report on the property."

"Do you call the first item a bull point?" asked the clerk.

"It depends on whether he wants them for a gamble or an investment," suggested someone.

"Oh, I think they'll be worth keeping for dividends," said Harry.

"An investment—an investment!" they all shouted. "Everybody's doing it now!"

Harry got quite huffy at this, so the clerk changed the subject.

"Peru Prefs. look like moving again," he said. "The receipts are expanding, and the Prefs. should get 2½ per cent. this year."

"You're too optimistic, my boy," said the senior partner. "I shouldn't like to bet on more than 2½ per cent. I tell you what do look cheap, though—that's Madeira-Mamoré debentures at 95—"

"They give a high yield, certainly," replied the clerk; "but the Farquar crowd have made themselves responsible for a lot lately."

"They'll make good in the end, although they've bitten off as much as they can chew for the moment."

"Well, I certainly haven't," said Harry, who was quite cheerful again; "but I don't mind trying—let's go and get some lunch."

CURRENT TOPICS.

The continued depression of the raw rubber market calls for some comment, and from what we can learn in Mincing Lane, a variety of causes have combined to depress the price. In the first place, of course, general conditions on the Continent have unsettled business for some time past, and all is not well with the rubber trade in America. One of the largest manufactories has been shut down owing to a strike, and the recent failure over there has pressed stock on to the market.

The receipts at Para have been increasing, while something like 500 tons a week of plantation rubber are disposed of in Mincing Lane "at best obtainable"; and, with no trade demand, this quantity is more than dealers can take. As to the future, it is not easy to see any immediate revival, but manufacturers hold practically no stocks, and must come into the market again soon to purchase against current requirements.

* * * * *

The prospectus of the Oil and Carbon Products Company was not a very adequate document, and we should want to see more details

of the various patents, and processes before we could recommend the shares. With the history of Coalite still fresh in our memory, we have great doubts as to the success of the Del Monte process.

* * * * *

Negotiations between China and the Six-Power Group do not seem to be progressing very fast, and no settlement has yet been arrived at with regard to the question of Controllers of the Salt Gabelle and Audit Department. The Pekin Government insist on these appointments being filled by officials of neutral nationality, while French diplomatists do not, apparently, consider such officials would be able to bring sufficient pressure to bear in case of need. The delays and difficulties have been so protracted that we hesitate to prophesy what will be the final outcome; but the National Assembly will meet very shortly, and perhaps something definite will then be done.

* * * * *

Holders of Argentine Rails cannot fail to be pleased at some of the remarks of the B.A. Western's general manager in that Company's report which has just appeared. He says, "We have assured bumper wheat, oat, and linseed crops, and although the new maize suffered some damage owing to lack of rain in January, we have every hope that the tonnage will not be much short of that obtained from the previous crop."

Saturday, April 5, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WHITE HEATHER.—(1) Looks fairly secured; but the total amount issued is so small that the market is restricted. (3) and (7) We don't care for either of these; and about (6) we can get no information. If we hear anything we will reply again. If you care to send particulars of what you require we will make some suggestions for reinvestment.

J. P. (Dublin).—(1) If you refer to Anglo-Continental Supply Company, a sound Industrial; (2) The dividends are payable in cash, but we see no special attraction; (3) Brakpans or Modder B. should suit; (4) we cannot find in any book of reference.

DRAGOON.—The price should improve when the political situation is clearer, and you should take the opportunity to get out.

TRUST.—The management is good and the prospects of a gradual rise in the dividends and quotation distinctly promising.

S. S.—Certainly not. The security you hold is excellent, while the one suggested is rotten.

THE BEST BATH



No form of bathing accomplishes such perfect cleanliness as the combined **HOT-AIR and VAPOUR BATH**. It not only cleanses the outersurface, but also opens the pores, eliminates impure matters, and stimulates a healthful flow of life's principle—the blood, clears the skin, recuperates the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

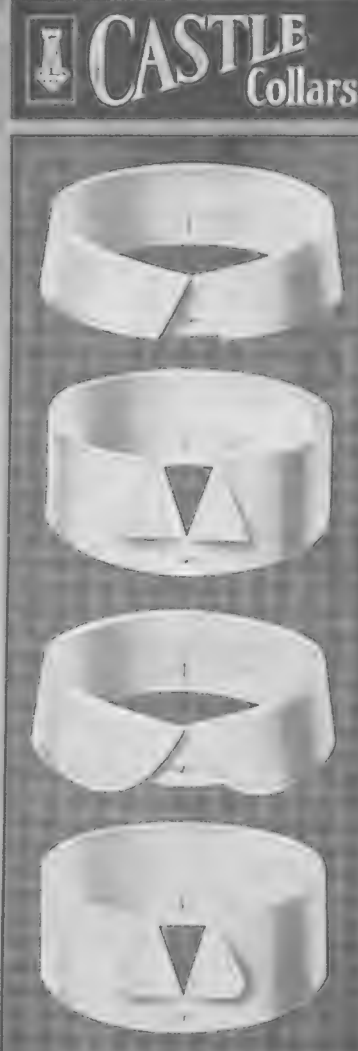
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CASTLE Collars



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
Castle Collars are their own make throughout, faced with linen woven in their Banbridge factory, and bearing the sheen and snowy whiteness linen alone imparts.

Why wear collars of inferior fabric when Castle Collars, with their 30 years' reputation, cost you no more?

1913 Styles:—

Double Collars. The first (D15) and third illustrations ("Box") show two popular shapes for 1913. The D15 is 1½ in. deep at front and allows ample room notwithstanding smart effect. The Box, giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man (1½ in. deep at front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

Wing Collars. The clean-cut appearance of these distinctive shapes makes them extremely popular for town or evening wear. 2 and 2½ in. deep, D15 (2nd illustration) having square and D25 (4th illustration) round points.

5/11 BOX OF ONE DOZEN*
(Postage, 3d. extra).
Sample Collar, and List,
post free, 6 pence.

Robinson & Cleaver

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You want Beautiful Teeth

—for health's sake, for beauty's sake. It is quite easy to have pure white and beautiful teeth; to keep them in perfect condition; arrest decay. All you require is a good brush and

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"For Your Teeth."

It thoroughly cleanses the teeth and leaves a delightful fragrance in the mouth. It contains no grit, but at the same time provides the necessary friction for the teeth, so as to prevent the accumulation of Tartar. This is one of the most important virtues of Rowland's Odonto—any dentist will bear testimony to this.

Buy it, because it's best. **2/9** at your own chemists.

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"DISTINCTIVE MODES."

*A Beautifully Illustrated Review
of Current Fashions sent post
free on request.*

"THORA."

BOUDOIR BLOUSE.

Two Dainty Spring Blouses

BEAUTIFULLY fresh, novel in design, and of the choicest materials, these two Blouses are given an added charm by the new turn-down collar, so noteworthy a feature of this season's fashions. They are representative of the large variety of New Models we are now exhibiting.

"THORA." Navy Satin BLOUSE, very smartly cut, with low turn back Collar of Ivory Satin with Ninon Vest. Ivory buttons finish the sleeves and front. In all shades and Black - - - - - **49/6**

BOUDOIR BLOUSE, in Ivory Shadow Lace, caught above the waist with insertion, run with old rose Satin ribbon veiled with black Chiffon, which forms a short basque. The transparent Ivory Chiffon Yoke, finished with a wide Collar of tucked Ecru net. Can be made in all shades for **89/6**

SPECIAL NEW FEATURE.— Within the next few weeks we shall be opening new Luncheon and Tea Rooms replete with every comfort and convenience for Ladies Shopping.

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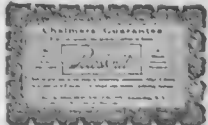
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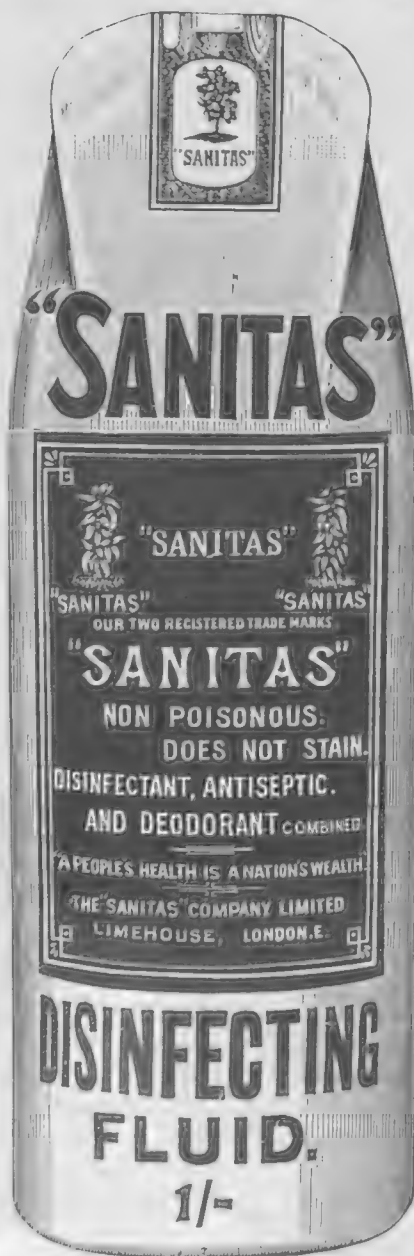
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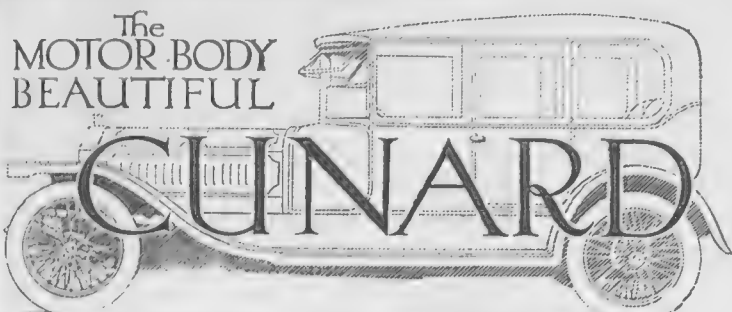
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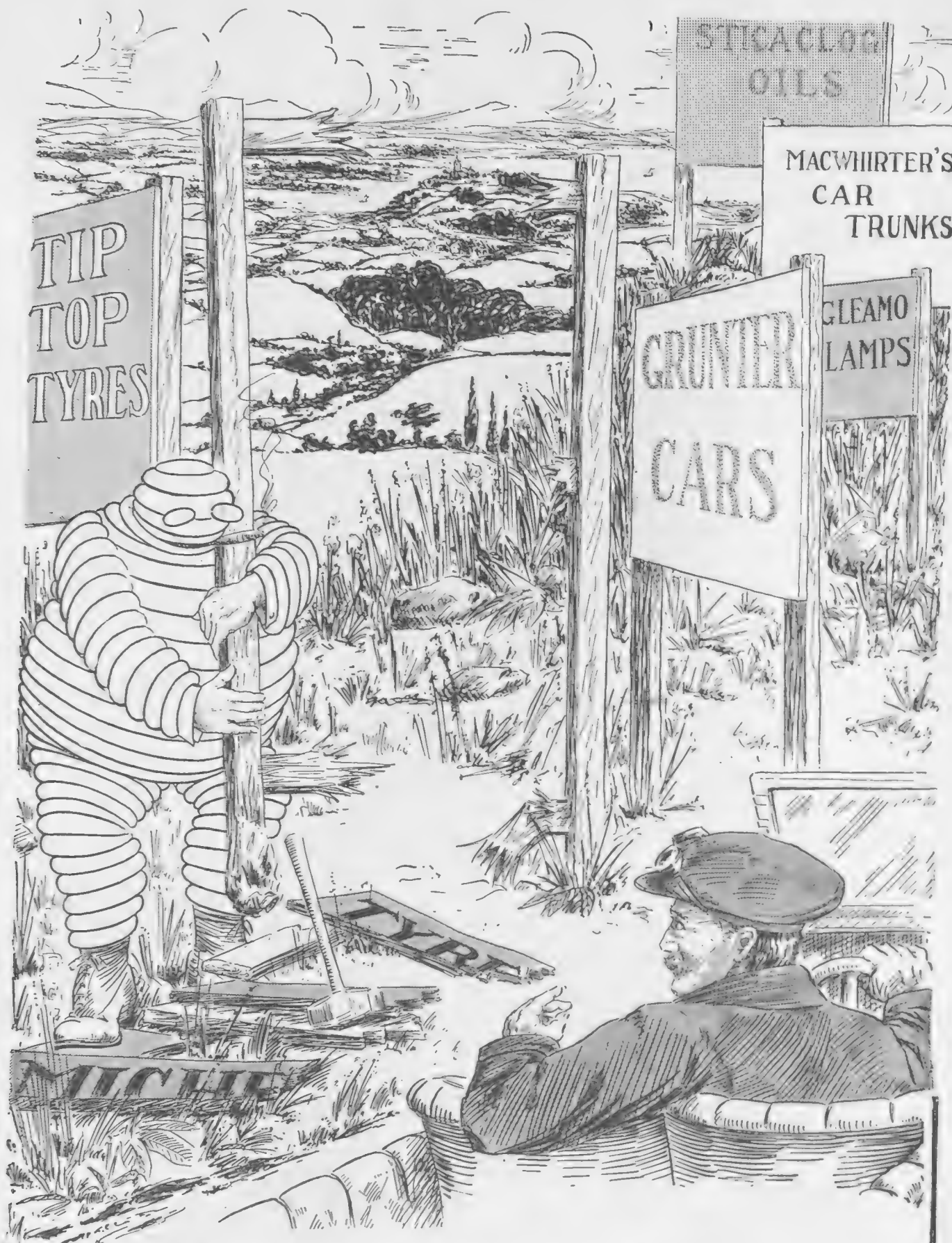
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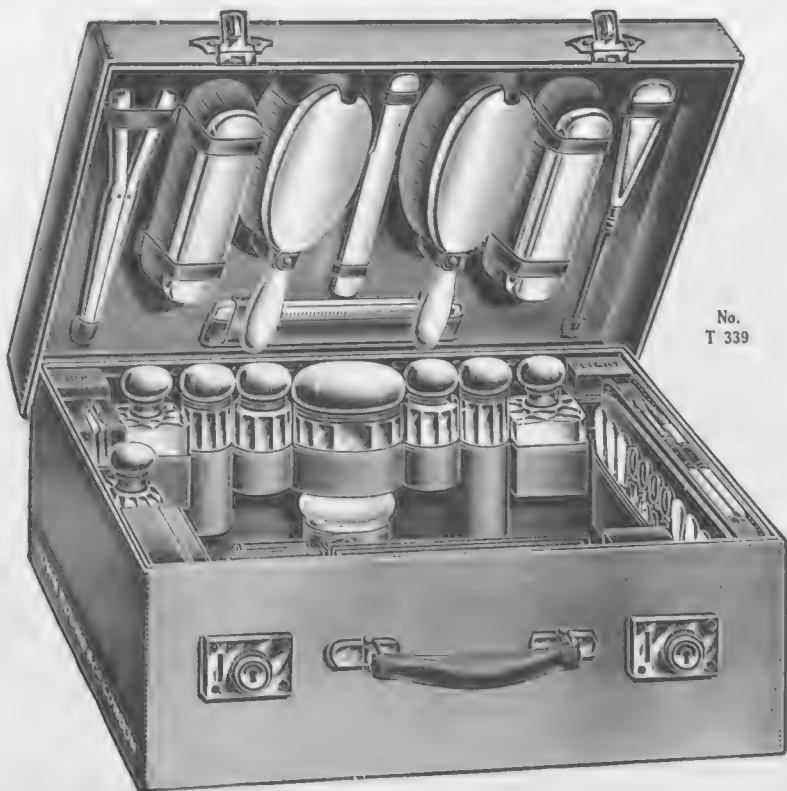
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WINGARNIS

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

A Check to the I. of M. Race.

There is to be no race in the Isle of Man, if that dour body, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, can help it. It would appear that the Society, or those in it who are fearful of competition, have turned their thumbs down on this proposition by issuing dire warnings to the members anent an infraction of the bond by which the unsportsmanlike clique can put the screw upon those members who do not fear to meet their competitors in the open. But the resolve of this uncompromising body should not be allowed to run counter to the wishes and welcome of the Isle of Man and the proposals of the R.A.C. The scope of the race must now be widened in order to admit entries from many firms who are not signatories to this specious document, and if this is done, the entry will be wide enough. The Club might, if they chose, retaliate on the sport-spoilers by making the race easy for the entry of American cars, which, I am sure, would be largely nominated. It is just such an opportunity as many of our Yankee competitors want, and the Society have gone far to offer it. It must not be forgotten that the Society permitted the Club to formulate and issue the regulations before turning down their thumbs. This is the return to the Club for previous loyalty.

An Undesirable Proposal.

Motorists, at times, must desire to invoke some power to save them from their friends. Few indeed will view with anything but horror the proposal made lately in an evening paper to the effect that our main country roads should be illuminated at night. Anything more undesirable from a scenic or from a practical motorist's point of view could hardly be imagined. Think of the horror of arc-lights all down the picturesque Portsmouth Road, and then try to realise the awkwardness always experienced in driving even over short lengths of suburban roads so lighted. Approaching the light is all right, but when the standard or lamp is passed, the effect is most disconcerting, for with one's back to the lamp, little can be seen until the effective range of the next lamp is reached. All motorists who drive at night know that the darker the night the safer for all concerned, for the reason that the head-lights give better service under such conditions. It is some comfort to those of us who shrink from any such vulgarisation of the countryside that the expense of such an undertaking puts it utterly beyond the region of the possible.

A Self-Contained Self-Starter.

There is very little doubt but that the self-starter has come to stay, and that before many months are over our heads we shall find the majority of medium-priced cars fitted with devices to effect self-starting, either by electricity, compressed-air, or a mechanical spring device. Self-starters find great favour in the States, and no effort is being spared by American automobile engineers to produce a self-starting mechanism which shall be part and parcel of the motor unit. Indeed, this has been done in the case of an American car which already enjoys a very good reputation on this side, and if time proves the success of this particular system, it is, I think, likely to be adopted in kind. The people responsible for the Overland arrangement have attacked the problem at its source. That is to say that they do not fit additional dynamos, or pumps, or spring devices, but actually turn the fly-wheel itself into a dynamo, and cause it to produce current for all the purposes for which electricity is required on a car. The fly-wheel and its "surround" form the armature and the magnets, so the device is completely self-contained.

Mr. Lawson Wood is holding his sixth bi-annual exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, from April 14 to May 3. In addition to many of his well-known humorous, sporting, and other subjects, there will also be examples of his dainty water-colours, the quality and tone of which may possibly surprise many who may be unacquainted with this artist's exhibition work. Amongst his large following there are a number, we are sure, who will welcome this opportunity of seeing the versatility of Lawson Wood, and possibly acquiring one of his originals.

Chinese hyperbole is a refreshing change in the language of commercial testimonials. Some choice flowers of rhetoric occur in a letter testifying to the virtues of Sanatogen, written to the proprietors, Messrs. A. Wulff and Co., London, W.C., by a famous Chinese author, Mr. Yao Dzung Nan. Among other things, he says: "The proprietors of Wulff and Co. have inherited virtue from their ancestors, and are kind by nature, having the heart of Buddha. They have manufactured in an excellent way Sanatogen, Powder for Long Life, and have thus added another wonderful preparation to the stock of medicines. The bound dragons upon hearing its name will all pray for a cure. The miraculous tortoise, after licking the residue upon the medicine-pan, will be able to fly. . . . I have tried Sanatogen according to the directions, and have repeatedly found wonderful results. Sanatogen extends its great blessing to the whole population under the sky, and should be made a heritage—a treasure to be handed down to the later generations."



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We want to tell you how to save 48% of your tyre bills by the use of "No-Rim-Cut" (straight-side type) 10% oversize tyres. Write us Dept. H.

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to result in a fold. The parts stretched the hardest bore the major part of the strain. Now, this Goodyear machine does away with this handwork. Every inch of every layer is stretched exactly alike. The strain is distributed evenly, so that every thread bears its share. Our remarkable tyre record, made in all parts of the world and under all sorts of conditions, is largely due to the Goodyear tyre machine—a creation of our inventors. This and other features we will tell you about, coupled with our rigid factory inspection, enable us to get about as close to perfection as will ever be possible in motor-car tyres.



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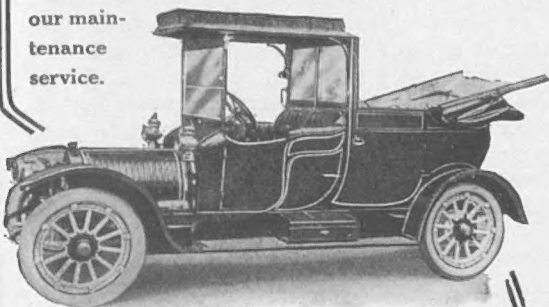
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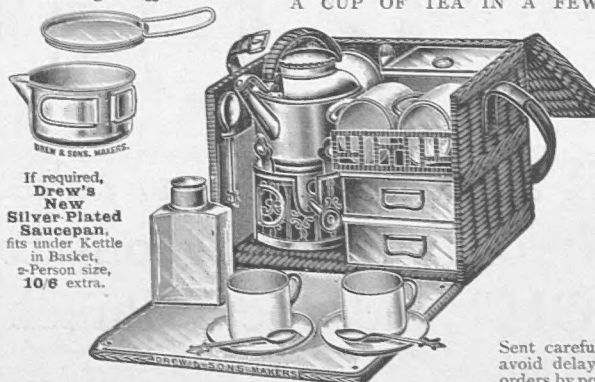
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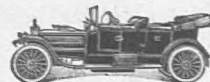
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PRECEDENTS FOR THE Z₄ "GIVE AWAY": THE LEAKAGE OF STATE SECRETS.

WITH the friendliest of feelings towards Germany, it is impossible not to indulge in an innocent chuckle at the chorus of lamentation which has ascended from Berlin over the misadventure of the splendid Zeppelin, Z₄. Nothing quite so curious of the kind has ever happened before. Here was a ship of the air fashioned in secrecy and launched in mystery; not the most casual detail was to be divulged. Yet the errant craft, the moment she gets free, bolts off to the dearest enemy of her fatherland, and dumps herself down in the midst of the wildly inquisitive potential foe. From the very outset the Zeppelins have been so carefully guarded that when their valiant designer was absolutely bankrupt after the disasters to Zeppelins 1 and 2, he would not appeal for outside finance, lest to do so should make his secrets public property.

German Traction-Engines in France.

The incident cannot but recall the advent within French territory of another consignment of German machinery. The little lot consisted of a number of German-made traction-engines. They had been bought, in the ordinary way of trade, by a French firm at a moment when the international horizon was as clear as a mid-summer Italian sky. Curiously enough, as soon as they had reached a strategic point of importance just inside the French border, the engines all went wrong. They were placed under cover pending the arrival of a man from the German works. And then, like a bolt from the blue, came the declaration of war, and Prussian troops "bunnicked" like rabbits over the border. It is not impossible that Zeppelin himself was of the number, for he was one of the first six men first across the frontier. They went straight to the traction-engines. Someone took half-a-dozen little parts from his waistcoat pocket and fitted them into the engines, and lo! they got up steam and at once began their task of hauling German munitions of war! But, of course, it is not to be thought it was meant to leave Z₄ on the same terms. If the Berlin suggestion that the officer in charge of the airship should have blown up his craft be accepted, a highly inconvenient precedent would be established. Such a rule a generation ago would have cost us a battleship and a first-class ambassador. When Lord Elgin led the mission to Japan, a gentleman of Nippon, seated in a toy boat in the harbour of Nagasaki, looked up from his reading, and with exquisite Oriental grace, waved a fan at him. It was a command to stop. The war-ship ploughed on, and the gentleman with the toy fan in the toy boat placidly continued his reading. But bolder spirits manned more active

boats, and two of them followed in the wash of the war-ship. A zealous observer stood up, peered into the port-holes, and shouted observations to a Japanese shorthand-writer with such success that, as Lord Elgin presently found, he had missed but one gun in the armament of the battleship. Now, taking a line through the German argument, the British Ambassador, bereft thus of his secrets, should have sunk his ship and with due ceremony committed harakiri in the little boat of the gentleman with the fan.

Not Single Spies, But in Battalions.

But State secrets are always coming out, even when the scene is not another Power's harbour. They constitute the stock-in-trade of an organised industry in which all the Powers participate. We, along with the rest of them, have our spies in every city on the Continent—not one spy, but spy overseeing spy, the first in blissful ignorance of the existence or function of the second. There is no pretence about it. The profession is an organised lower phase of international diplomacy, maintained out of the Secret Service Fund. A chapter on the subject in the late Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book" is calculated to stagger the unsophisticated. But these are not the men who cause the sensations, such as the sale of part of the plans of H.M.S. *Indomitable*, of the theft of Naval signal-books, of plans of harbour defences, of drawings of new gun mechanisms, and so forth. If there is a woman in the case, ten to one a professional spy is the mainspring of the plot. More frequently, however, as in the case of the men who betrayed the defences of Toulon Harbour to the Germans, and sold the plans of the French submarines, gratuitous cupidity is the exciting cause. A new gun, invented by Italian artillerymen, is said to have become known to Germany from an early stage in the experiments; while a Turkish telegraph official was found to have been making hay of cipher messages sent by the Powers to their representatives at Constantinople.

Bismarck in St. Petersburg.

That, however, is really trenching upon the prerogative of the Ambassadors—or it would have been, not so very long ago. It is on record that Bismarck, who had spies in his pay in St. Petersburg when he was there as Ambassador, received one day an unusually important piece of purloined news. "Now," said his informant, a high-placed official, "my first indiscretion necessitates a second. You will, of course, communicate this matter to Berlin. In doing so, do not make use of Cipher No. So-and-So; we have been in possession of that for years, and, as matters stand, our people would at once come to the conclusion that I was the source of information." Of such, until but the other day, were the nicely balanced ethics in international diplomacy. Z₄ is quite an amateurish gift of knowledge, after all.

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